

The Ypsilantian

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1906.

NUMBER 1381

Basement Specials

Saturday

Six dozen 9-inch Clear Glass Vases—you'll see them in our Huron Street Window—Saturday they will be sold at

5c Each

Davis & Kishlar



Stylish Sack Suits

Not only stylish, but good all-wool hand-tailored suits, the kind that hold their shape. Stein-Block and Hart, Schaffner & Marx—none better.

\$15 to \$25.00

Other good makes, - \$5 to \$15

Men's and Young Men's Trousers, - \$1 to \$6

Another new showing of Fancy Vests, - \$1 to \$4

Spring Furnishings in great variety

C. S. WORTLEY & Co

Spring Announcement

Our Spring stock in both High and Low cuts, for the Little Folks as well as for the Big Folks, now in and ready for immediate sale.

P. C. SHERWOOD & SON

THE SHOE MEN

126 Congress St., - Ypsilanti, Mich.

I SCREAM!

A few may not have found out that FRANK SMITH makes as good Ice Cream as can be made from pure Pasturized Cream and the best of everything.

Everything at his Fountain is so good that he has to sell a lot of it to make it pay. Try it. Don't wait till the season is over.

...FRANK SMITH...

All kinds of Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

Ypsilanti Produce Market.

Price paid by dealers.

Prices on cereals and wool are given by Moor-

man & Huston.

Ypsilanti, June 21, 1906.

Wheat.....	78@85
Corn, ears.....	30@35
shelled.....	54@58
Oats.....	32@37
Rye.....	50@55
Barley, 7 cwt.....	1 00
Buckwheat, per 100 lbs.....	1 25@1 40
Clover seed.....	5 00@7 00
Timothy seed.....	1 75@2 00
Hay.....	5 00@9 00
Beans.....	1 00@1 30
Potatoes.....	75@85
Butter.....	18
Eggs.....	15
Honey.....	10-12
Tallow.....	4
Lard.....	10
Pork, live.....	4 1/2@5
Pork, dressed.....	7 1/2@8
Beef, dressed.....	8 1/2@9 1/4
Hams.....	15
Hides, 7 lb.....	10
Wool unwashed.....	30@38
Spring chickens, live, 7 lb.....	16
Fowls.....	11
Turkeys, live.....	16

MERE MENTION.

The Ypsilantian Telephones—Office No. 116; residence, No. 125—2 r.

If you have a house and lot or any other property for sale or rent, try a three-line ad. in The Ypsilantian. Three insertions for 25 cents. It brings good results.

Dr. Alma Blount has gone to Quebec.

Mrs. Charles Sweet delightfully entertained the Harmonious Mystics Friday evening at dinner to meet Misses Clara Brabb and Miss Lorinda Smith, members just returned from Germany. The house was decorated with pink and white peonies and the favors were carnations. The evening was spent with music and visiting, and Miss Winifred Davis was pledged.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Bowen of Detroit have been visiting C. M. Bowen.

Mrs. Sarah Andrews of Toledo is spending the month with her son, Isaac Davis.

Mrs. Mary L. Richards and Miss Marion Mason have been guests of Mrs. T. S. Murdoch at Northville.

A valuable addition to the magazine table of the Ladies' Library through the courtesy of George C. Smith, is The Bible Student and Teacher, which comes monthly. It is the organ of The American Bible League, of New York, an interdenominational organization for the promotion of faith in the divine origin, authority and integrity of the Bible. The magazine is the ablest and most efficient presentation of the conservative side of this controversy, and enlists the keenest forces of devout scholarship. The June number has a dozen articles of special excellence, and this and other numbers received contain such names as President Patton of Princeton, Dr. Howard Osgood of Rochester, Dr. G. F. Wright of Oberlin, Dr. David J. Burrell of New York, President Matthew Leitch of Belfast, Dr. Henry O. Dwight of New York, etc.

Mrs. Walter Manning Jones and baby of Dalton, Ga. are expected this week to visit Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wortley.

Miss Ellen K. Wortley has returned from Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.

Prof. and Mrs. W. P. Bowen entertained Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of Ohio last week.

Mrs. J. J. Gunn has returned from Detroit.

Arthur Woodard, of the fifth grade of the Woodruff school, has not been absent or tardy the entire year. This is a record worth making.

Mrs. Louise Gallaher has returned from Salt Lake City.

The marriage of Paul Bombenek and Miss Elma Yates took place June 16 at the bride's home in Britton, in the presence of the immediate families of the young people. Mr. and Mrs. Bombenek will find hosts of friends ready to welcome them home and to wish them all happiness.

Miss Harriet Kief is entertaining Mrs. Nestell of Manchester.

Harry Baker has been elected captain of the Ypsilanti baseball team for next year, a fine selection and an honor well earned. Baker has made a great record this year and held opposing teams down remarkably. He is a heady pitcher and should make an excellent captain. Only DeNike, Comstock and Grant leave this year, and though each is a distinct loss, the prospects with six veteran players are bright for a great team.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Darrow and daughter of Toledo, who visited Mrs. C. L. Begole, left Friday for Cincinnati to attend the wedding of Mr. Darrow's sister, Mrs. Begole is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Grace Hawthorne of Elgin, Ill.

Miss Charlotte King is visiting Port Huron relatives.

Austin Cline left Monday to take a position with the G. R. & I. road at Potosky for the summer.

The Peace Men's quartet put in a strenuous day yesterday, singing at the Normal Commencement and alumni dinner, at the Wayne Commencement in the afternoon and at that in Birmingham in the evening. Friday they sing at Orion.

The L. T. L. meets Monday evening and W. C. T. U. Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Galdraith, 605 Emmet street.

Some sneak destroyed nearly all of Mrs. Robbins' corn patch on Second avenue, Tuesday night throwing its plants

into the street. Mrs. Robbins had especially thrifty corn and needed her little crop, and whoever destroyed it should be severely punished.

The engagement of Miss Clara Brabb of Romeo, formerly of Ypsilanti, to Atwood R. McAndrew of this city, was announced Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Brabb. Many pretty functions have been given in honor of Miss Brabb and Miss Lorinda Smith this week.

Judge and Mrs. Harry A. Lockwood of Monroe are Ypsilanti visitors this week.

The name of Archie Johnson was inadvertently left out of the list of Normal N. baseball men. Johnson was a star at second and his timely hits won many a game.

Mrs. M. T. Wallin of Northville is visiting in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Minott and daughter have gone to Grand Rapids.

Mrs. G. A. McGee and children of Cadillac are guests of Mrs. Walter Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whelden of Detroit stopped in an auto trip Saturday to visit Mrs. Milo Ehman.

A. W. Daseg, a former Normal athletic star, now chemist of the soda ash works at Barborton, O. was in the city Tuesday.

Sunday evening the little boys of Mrs. Florence Rathfon had a narrow escape. They had been reading in bed, and the lamp, placed on a chair, tipped over after they had fallen asleep, setting fire to the floor. Their mother was away, but the hired man smelled smoke and with difficulty saved the youngsters and put out the flames.

President L. H. Jones entertained the Twenty Club Monday evening, and Hon. Peter White of Marquette gave a charming talk on the "Iron Money" or drafts issued by iron companies on eastern banks which were used as currency without endorsement by banks and stores in the upper Peninsula for years in the sixties, and told many odd incidents growing out of this peculiar usage.

Miss Florence Swaine went to Detroit Tuesday to attend the funeral of Bert Marx, who was to have married Wednesday Miss Florence Hascall, formerly of Ypsilanti, but died of typhoid fever at Milwaukee last week. He was well known here.

Miss Beulah Arney has gone to Rogers Park, Ill.

Edward Steimle left yesterday for Atlantic Mine.

Prof. F. T. Swan of Potsdam N. Y. was a guest at the home of E. M. Childs Tuesday.

A. Jay Murray and daughter Willa of Cortland, N. Y. and Miss Sexton of Kansas City, Mo., visited Dr. Ellen Murray Tuesday.

Mrs. E. R. Gassman and children of Toledo are visiting in the city.

Prof. L. L. Jackson, now of the Brockport N. Y. Normal, received his Doctor's degree from Columbia University last week.

Prof. Will Marshall, now of the U. of M. will spend the next year at the University of Gottingen. Mrs. Marshall will accompany him.

Rev. C. C. McIntire attended the reception given in Detroit Tuesday in honor of the Assembly committee on Presbyterian brotherhood.

Atherton Marrs was called to Beamsville, Ont., by the death of his father last week.

Fire in Harrison Fairchild's smoke house Monday morning did about \$100 worth of damage. The meats however had just been taken out.

The marriage of Gregory H. Scharf of this city and Miss Anna Elizabeth Hayden took place in the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, June 19. Mr. and Mrs. Scharf will be at home in this city after Aug. 1 at 508 Forest ave. Congratulations.

Mrs. Harriett Plunkett Edwards of New York will be critic teacher of the 3rd and 4th grades of the training school during the summer school.

Two boys of the high school department of the Normal pleaded guilty to stealing money from the gymnasium lockers but were released on suspended sentence on returning the sum. For years systematic stealing has been going on at the Normal but this is the first arrest made.

Misses Mary and Ruth Putnam left Tuesday for New York and sail to-day for Europe.

The Sigma Delta fraternity of the high school held their annual banquet followed by a dance at the armory Thursday evening. The church house was decorated with turquoise and maroon draperies and roses. Covers were laid for fifty four and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Teeter were chaperones. Whitmire's orchestra played at both functions. Walter Hoyt was toastmaster and responses were given by Ralph Gaudy, Harry Baker, John C. Hewitt of Humboldt, Ariz., Fitch Forsythe of Ann Arbor, and Clyde Gass.

Misses Jessie Childs and Ellen Colvan have been pledged to the Sigma Nu Phi sorority.

Grover Gillen, the baseball player who spent last winter here, has been turned over to Des Moines Ia. by the Toledo team. He won four games out of six games he pitched for Toledo.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis D. Harsh of Des Moines, Ia., have been guests of Mrs. F.

S. Babbitt. Mrs. Harsh and baby Nancy will remain for some time.

Capt. E. P. Allen attended the G. A. R. encampment at Saginaw last week.

Miss Addie Woodard left Monday for North Yakima, Wash., to visit Mrs. P. W. Cornue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Palmer spent Sunday at Milan.

Miss Muriel Webb sang at the Baccalaureate address in Saline Sunday evening.

The band concert in Prospect Park was postponed till next Sunday afternoon.

Misses Marcella Warren and Kate McKenzie have returned from Cadillac.

The Ypsilanti high school team were defeated 5 to 2 at Howell Saturday, owing to the rain.

Miss Ella Hayes of Bacone University, Indian Territory, arrived in this city for the summer Saturday.

Misses Maude and Grace Corbett of North Adams, Mrs. Hoyle of Cedar Springs, Mrs. Brown of Clarkston, Mr. Stevens of Stockbridge and Mrs. L. Munson of Deerfield are among the Ypsilanti Commencement visitors.

Mrs. F. H. Pease gave a party at the Country Club last evening for Misses Lorinda Smith and Clara Brabb, and Misses Edith Jones and Fay Allen entertain for them Friday evening.

Friends of Miss Rose Van Buren will be glad to learn of her safe though belated arrival at Spokane, Wash. The train was delayed two days by the washout at Dickinson, North Dakota, and the passengers were finally sent back to Jamestown, thence by a branch road to Leeds on the Great Northern, on which road they were forwarded to Pacific Junction, thence across to Helena and so on to Spokane, the entire delay being about four days. Miss VanBuren and Mr. Lloyd Kimmel were married June 17th at the home of his brother, Mr. Will Kimmel in Spokane.

The friends of Chandler Rathfon Post, son of W. R. Post and grandson of Hon. S. Post of this city, who have followed the many marked distinctions he has won during his university career at Harvard, will be glad to learn that he has just won the Dante prize at Harvard and has received the appointment of full instructor in English in the University. He sails for a three months' sojourn in Europe June 20.

Miss Mabel Vail of Los Angeles, Cal. is visiting in this city.

Prof. Laird has gone to Ludington where his family will spend the summer. Miss Jessie Laird graduated this week from Mt. Holyoke college.

The marriage of Miss Myrtle Strang to Roy Lewis is announced for June 27.

Rolf A. Mills and his sister of Fenton both Normal graduates, are in the city.

Mrs. Etta Emerick of Detroit is spending a few days here.

The marriage of Miss Anne H. Campbell to Charles Ralph Tiebout of Roseland, La. is announced for June 27.

Misses Fannie Crittenden and Ruby Rouse delightfully entertained the Beta Nu sorority at the home of Miss Rouse, yesterday afternoon. The house was decorated with blue and gold bunting, peonies and roses. There were songs by Misses Mary Cordary and Ida D'Ooge, and piano solos by Misses Muriel Webb and Mildred Graves of Detroit. Mrs. Inez Geer McDonald of Detroit and Mrs. Susie Crittenden Warner presided in the dining room. There were sixty present.

To-night the sorority holds its anniversary banquet at the Hawkins House and Saturday will give a picnic up the river.

The marriage of Charles H. Crane and Miss Josephine I. Furlong took place quietly Monday evening at the residence of Capt. J. N. Wallace, Rev. Fr. Kennedy performing the ceremony.

Frank Joslyn is moving his office to C. L. Yost's store, and a Milan man will open a jewelry store in his former office at the depot.

Oak street hill is being graded down, a great improvement.

Mrs. W. J. Clarke was called to Birmingham yesterday by serious illness of her mother.

Miss Adella Jackson will attend Chicago University this summer.

Mrs. Mabel Bishop Doughty of Mt. Pleasant spent the week with Mrs. W. P. Bowen.

The grades of the training school, the Woodruff school and the Prospect school all gave delightful musical programs Friday morning.

Great expectations are held concerning the Normal summer school which opens June 25. A large addition to the faculty is provided for if needed and apparently the attendance will go far beyond anything hitherto known.

Misses Lizzie and Jennie Lamb have been visiting their brothers in Charlotte and Belding.

Supt. and Mrs. W. F. Lewis of Port Huron, Misses Harriet Bouldin of Springfield, Ill., Anna Charbonneau of Detroit and Edith Atkin of Springfield, S. Dak., Mrs. Celina Charbonneau Wykes of Richland, Herbert A. Sprague of Jackson were Ypsilanti visitors this week.

Mrs. Vera Grawn of Duluth, Minn., is visiting her father, Prof. H. C. Rankin.

Mrs. Charles Haggerty and son of Beaumont, Tex., are visiting here.

Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat
A Candy Novel Laxative.

THE GREAT DEMAND

For all lines of

Hot Weather Goods

can be supplied at our store

WHITE GOODS AND FANCY WASH GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY

W. H. Sweet & Son.

The National Loan & Investment Co.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

PAID IN CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

Two Millions Eight Hundred Thousand Dollars

We issue time certificates bearing 4 1/2 per cent net. Interest payable July 1st and January 1st from date of certificate to date of withdrawal.

DURING THE PANIC OF '93

at a time when the business depression of the country was so great that many of the strong financial institutions, including many of the banks of the state, were obliged to suspend or give notice that deposits could only be drawn out after the full time permitted by law had been taken. The National Loan & Investment Company continued to invite its stockholders to withdraw their money whenever their business should require or inclination suggest it, and has done so ever since. In the year 1893, when runs and suspensions were all but universal, the assets of this Company increased over \$500,000.00.

Investors can gain further information by addressing our local representative, Mr. T. T. CLEMENT, Ypsilanti, Mich.

S. B. COLEMAN, President. FRANK B. LELAND, Secretary.

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We can save you money if you
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We have a large, strong stock company which will carry desirable farm property. The rate, \$1.50 for three years, is the cheapest, protection considered. No inspection or policy fee

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YPSILANTI, - MICH.



Sizeable Legal Fees.

One million dollars for a fee! That sounds like a big amount, and yet an assertion was made shortly after the supreme court made its decision which compelled the general government to pay \$4,000,000 for the removal of the Cherokee Indians to Indian Territory that one-fourth of that amount was to be paid as a fee. It would not be strange, remarks the Washington Star, if the report was correct. When we remember the large fees that have been paid in Indian cases there is a natural inference that nothing is impossible in the way of fees when claims against the government are involved. Contracts have been made in Indian cases which meant that when the laws were enacted and the money paid that enormous fees were to be given to the attorneys. The case of the Methodist church south is too vivid in the minds of men in Washington not to be recalled when other big fees are discussed. Here was a case where more than one-third of the whole amount collected was paid to the attorney, the fee being more than \$100,000. There have been cases known where fees of \$750,000 and perhaps larger in Indian claims cases were paid. Nowhere has the shrewd attorney fared so well as in the Indian claims. Sometimes there has been legislation seeking to protect the Indians and providing that no more than ten per cent. of the claim shall be paid to the attorney. But long before the legislation passed contracts were made which gave the attorneys these enormous fees.

Kind of Men Needed.

If one were to go to the president of the United States and ask him to name the country's greatest need, he would reply in his quick, conclusive way: "Clean men." He knows, says the Delineator. Smart men there are by the thousands; rich men abound more than in any other age of the world; able men are found in every state and township, but even from a population of 80,000,000 the chief executive has difficulty in finding the man of exceptional character for a post which requires a square and flawless morality. It is to his credit that he misses no opportunity to preach manhood. But neither presidents nor preachers nor teachers can do the work of fathers except in their own families. We do not mean to underestimate the marvelous influence of the mother. In most lands men who reach success give their mothers the credit. "All that I am I owe to my mother," said Lincoln. "It was you who taught me to write so. You really did, dear mother," said the crabbed Carlyle. We get our moral qualities from our mothers, our mental from our fathers, say the physiologists, and as we look back we find this maternal affection the loveliest thing on earth. But isn't there a conviction down deep in our souls that we should have done much better if our fathers had taken time and trouble to share our confidences in the years that counted most?

Good of Playgrounds.

Playgrounds are necessary in every community for young and old. A few weeks ago the National Playground association was formed. Its chief movers were not those primarily interested in sport, but educators and sociologists. In an address to the delegates, President Roosevelt said: "I owe my first interest in the playground question to Jacob Riis, when he spoke of the poor children who were not allowed to play in the streets, but had to play in the streets because they had no other place to play." Every town, even the small one, where the child and the young man are free from the terrible confinements of the city, knows that it is wise to provide a generous playground. Play is a right of youth. Just as sure as there is no appointed adequate field for games and romping, so sure are forbidden lawns to show wear, and the windows in the barn to show broken lights of glass.

Rev. William Pierson, a local exhorter who ran a Gospel wagon for many years, was stricken with apoplexy in Washington the other night while in his wagon just as he was giving out a hymn. He fell to the floor of the wagon, was taken to a hospital and died. A reporter asked Mr. Pierson's assistant what hymn the exhorter was giving out when he was stricken. "I don't just remember the title of the hymn," said the assistant, "but it was No. 23."

In the course of the conversation on psychological matters the talk rested on that ancient theme, the solitude of the soul. Some one asked the girl who was to graduate in June if she liked being alone. "That depends," she answered, sweetly, "on whom I am alone with."

The large instrument used by the ice man for carrying the chunks is said to be entirely too large this season. He is thinking of using bon-bon tongs.

A daily paper is responsible for the statement that a stilette county in Nevada, covering 16,000 square miles, has nowhere within its borders even a mission hall in which the Gospel is preached, and yet there is a population of several thousand people in this territory.

A woman census taker in Chicago reports that in 24 fashionable flats she visited she found only one child. How could she expect to find them when even the janitor could not?

MICHIGAN EVENTS NOTED

IN HOME DESOLATE BY DEATH YOUNG WOMAN DIES ALONE.

PARSON HITS PACKERS

One Woman Killed on Her Wedding Trip, Another By a Motor Cycle; Various Happenings.

Found Dead.

Miss Margaret E. Van Eiten, aged 28, well known in social circles in Flint, was found dead in her bed, alone in her home Sunday morning. The physician called assigned heart disease as the cause. Three weeks ago Miss Van Eiten's widowed mother died, and for two weeks the daughter has been visiting friends in Jackson, returning to Flint Saturday. She spent Saturday evening at the home of a neighbor and had returned to her own house to pass the night.

Severe Arraignment.

"The revelations in the beef trust investigation are sickening in the extreme," said Rev. Henry W. Gelston, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Kalamazoo, in his sermon Sunday night. "These men who have sold to the people poisonous products are criminals. During the Spanish war we read of disease and death prevalent at the front, and now trace that terrible state of affairs to the concerns that sold the government diseased and poisonous meat."

"These men are murderers. We read of the cruelty and barbarity of Nero and Robespierre and other monsters in the world's history, but none worse than these men."

On Her Wedding Journey.

Mrs. Jessie Petrequin, wife of William Petrequin, a Detroit traveling man for a piano firm, has been killed in a railroad accident in West Virginia. For a time previous to her marriage last March she lived with a sister at Two Harbors, Minn. She left Detroit two weeks ago with her husband on a "six weeks" business tour of the south. This was also to have been their wedding tour.

Killed By Motor Cycle.

Struck down by a motor cycle, said to have been running "40 miles an hour," as she was crossing a Battle Creek street, Miss Lizzie McGee, aged 35, sustained a fractured skull and severe injuries. She was thrown several feet and picked up unconscious. At the sanitarium it is reported that she may not survive.

Has Not Declined.

Chairman Winslow, of the Democratic state committee, says: "I have received a letter from Mr. Ferris of a personal character and I do not feel like giving its contents to the public. Mr. Ferris has not, however, declined the nomination. He merely discussed his views on certain matters which do not necessarily affect his decision. Secretary Canfield and I expect to see him this week and go over the situation."

The Beet Crop.

The sugar beet crop in the Saginaw valley promises to be one of the largest on record, due to recent rains and the present warm weather. Nearly 7,000 acres have been planted for the local factory, which will pay out \$300,000 for beets. Raisers this season will try to secure local labor. Heretofore they have always imported Russians from the west, who annually took away about \$50,000 in wages.

Fatal Confusion.

Becoming confused by two passing trains, two men were run down by the Grand Rapids flyer on the Michigan Central at Kalamazoo. George Hicks, aged 45, son of wealthy parents, and a brother of Robert Hicks, a hardware merchant, of Rochester, N. Y., was dragged a long distance and terribly mangled, death being instantaneous. He had been working as a teamster, Edward Reich, of Grand Rapids, lost both legs below the knees, but he may recover.

Went Away Suddenly.

A Johnson, of Flint, went home from his work a few days ago and found his wife missing and the household goods gone. He traced the goods to Pinconning, and his wife and a man to Bay City. They were arrested on a statutory charge, but the woman testified that she had never secured a divorce from her first husband, though she and Johnson had lived together 19 years. The couple were discharged and the case against them dropped. Johnson says he doesn't care for the woman, but he wants the household goods.

Want the Property.

Mrs. John Alexander Dowie has started suit in the Muskegon county circuit court to recover property in this county. The property was transferred from Mrs. Dowie to Deacon Alexander Granger by W. G. Voliva under power of attorney given by Mrs. Dowie on February 21. Mrs. Dowie says that at the time he made a promise not to transfer any of the property to anyone else.

About a month ago Dr. Dowie began suit to recover the White Lake property, valued at \$200,000.

Canton Col. Fenton, No. 27, I. O. O. F., of Flint, will compete in the prize drill at Toronto in September, at the international cantonment.

The body of Arthur Sena, colored, drowned at Verona dam, Battle Creek, was found by boys a mile down the river, lodged in the branches of a tree.

As Marion Packard was putting on her commencement gown to take part in the graduating exercises of the Ann Arbor high school, she received a message that her father, at Flushing, Mich., had suddenly died. She abandoned the commencement exercises and caught the train for home.

The Monroe Binders' Board Co. has bought a 30-acre tract on the Lake Shore railroad. The new factory will be built of cement blocks with 25,000 square feet of floor space. In addition to the binder board for upholstering the company will manufacture ship-binder cases.

The coroner's jury in the death of Berthold Vogt, whose body was found in Grand river after he had been missing several days, refused to return a verdict until an autopsy was held. Coroner Jackson refuses to order an autopsy because of the decomposed condition of the body, and because there is no suspicion of foul play.

Mineral Lands Purchased.

The Winthrop & Humboldt Copper property, comprising 1,300 acres of land near the Phoenix and Central mines in Keweenaw county, has been purchased by the Calumet & Hecla Mining Co. from Fred. H. Begole, trustee, of Marquette. The consideration is not announced.

The mines were active for only a few years about half a century ago and have never been fully tested. They are taken over by the Calumet & Hecla interests in pursuance of a policy of assimilation adopted two years ago, since which time thousands of acres of mineral lands have been absorbed to be held to reserve and explored in future.

Claims He Was Robbed.

Wilford Chalmers, a Saginaw business man, says he was robbed of \$428 while spending a few hours in Port Huron Friday. He made the acquaintance of Norman Griggs a few hours after arriving there, and after spending the night with his new friend awoke to find himself without his money.

Chalmers said nothing, however, and the two men went to a saloon where Griggs ordered the drinks. While paying for the liquor it is said Griggs threw an old pocket piece belonging to Chalmers on the bar. The young man was arrested and will face a charge of larceny.

Missing Man.

Michael O'Brien, liquor dealer, for over thirty years a resident of Bay City, disappeared with his race horse and a light Concord buggy. He had been drinking heavily Saturday the police received a telephone message from Freeland, Saginaw county, that O'Brien's horse had been found there in the woods.

The animal had broken or been driven, through barbed wire fences and through a swamp, and was in bad shape. Nothing has been seen or heard of O'Brien.

Sensation Promised.

Sensations are promised when Frank Russell, the alleged "Black Hand" man in the Muskegon jail, is brought to trial in the October term of the federal court, on the charge of sending threatening letters through the mails to former Senator James Flood, of Hart. His attorneys, the Turner brothers, of Muskegon, say there will be a thorough airing of Hart's social matters when the case comes on for trial. It has been common village talk for years will be brought up.

The Annual Encampment.

Col. Russell B. Harrison, son of the late President Harrison, in Grand Rapids on law business, spoke of the great military camp government is establishing near Indianapolis, to be known as Fort Ben Harrison. This is the place where the Michigan troops will camp for ten days in August. There are 2,000 acres in the present grounds and the government contemplates buying 4,000 acres more.

MICHIGAN IN BRIEF.

Frost on the plains near West Branch killed corn and beans.

Frank Hodgman claims that beavers by damming creeks are responsible for the chain of lakes and marshes near Climax.

The board of state auditors has made an allowance of \$48,000 for rebuilding the wagon shop recently destroyed by fire at Jackson prison.

Peter D. Loomis has announced his resignation as cashier of the Jackson City bank, with which he has been engaged for 26 years, since he was 17 years of age.

The body of William Larsen, the 15-year-old pupil of the Michigan School for the Blind, who was drowned in Grand River, was found several miles down the stream.

Lafayette Stockwell, aged 50, left his home at Colfax Monday morning, to come to Lansing to look for work. He has not returned and the family is worried.

Simon Tuchman, of Grand Rapids, in his bill for divorce says he is tired of doing the family washing and sweeping. When he struck she threw a dish of butter in his face.

The home in Mason of Asa I. Barber, president of the Ingham County Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co., and valued at \$2,500, was entirely destroyed by fire; insurance \$1,200.

Hancock's Chinese laundry has had a number of proprietors in recent years, all of whom, to avoid the trouble and expense of procuring a new sign, adopt the name "John Henry."

Mrs. J. Alexander Dowie in an interview in Muskegon says that she does not believe her husband is as sick as he seems to believe. She expects to join her mother and the son, Gladstone, at Ben Mac Dhuil in a few days.

John Turner was struck on the shoulder by a falling beam which was dropped from the second story of the new Ann Arbor high school by the hoisting tackle breaking. Three ribs were broken and his right lung was penetrated. He cannot recover.

James Robinson was struck on the head by a large stone during the course of an altercation over labor unionism in a Grand Rapids saloon. His assailant, who was unknown, ran away after the affray. Robinson's skull was fractured and he may not live.

Flower Day was observed at Jackson prison Sunday with elaborate services. An address of welcome was given by a long term Detroit man, whose name is suppressed, and a response by Mrs. Jennie Wilcox, state organizer W. C. T. U. Over 700 bouquets were presented.

Ex-Gov. Bliss' coop of choice chickens with pedigrees was raided by Jesse Waldron, colored. The thief with the birds in a bag was pursued a mile by a night watchman and was captured. He dropped his loot and the chickens scattered and Mr. Bliss has not a fowl left. The thief was jailed for 20 days.

The case of the board of regents against the auditor-general, involving the authority of the state auditor to object to the claims allowed by the regents, was today continued over the term of the supreme court by consent. Under this arrangement the case will not come to a hearing until next October or November.

For the second time within two weeks an engine of the Lee Paper Co. in Vicksburg, has "run away." A pile burst, throwing pieces in all directions; two concrete piers were jerked out of plumb and a line shaft and steam and water pipes bent.

Congressman Joseph Forney says: "Congress will probably adjourn June 23. I expect to get appropriation through for a public building at Owosso. The house conferees on the rate bill will undoubtedly insist on allowing railroads to issue passes to employees and members of their families." Mr. Forney returns to Washington on Sunday.

THE LOST CHILD.



If President Roosevelt Starts Out to Find It, a Rescue May Be Effected.

INSPECTION BILL OUTLINED

COST OF SUPERVISION FALLS ON GOVERNMENT.

Requires Federal Label on Meat and Meat Products as Guaranty of Purity.

Washington.—A meat inspection provision was completed by the house committee on agriculture Wednesday and will be presented to the house for action at once, which it is declared by the committee will insure that American meats and meat products are healthful, clean and in every respect wholesome and fit for food.

The important features of the legislation are that it places the cost of the inspection on the government and makes an annual automatic appropriation of \$2,000,000 to pay the expenses. It requires a rigid post mortem and ante mortem inspection of all animals killed for food. It requires a government label as a passport for all meat and meat products which enter interstate commerce and in addition to this label, a certificate of purity to the carrier and to the secretary of agriculture for such products which enter foreign commerce. To secure this label the product must be handled in accordance with sanitary regulations to be prescribed by the secretary of agriculture, who is authorized to employ, without regard to the civil service law for the first year, an adequate corps of efficient inspectors to supervise the enforcement of his regulations.

It prohibits the use of preservatives or chemicals in the preparation of meat foods which are deleterious to health, and leaves the matter of determining this question to the secretary of agriculture. The label on the product is to indicate the ingredients, but the date of manufacture is not required to be stated.

The sanitary requirements which the secretary is to prescribe and enforce must insure complete sanitation as to all buildings, whether slaughter houses or canning establishments.

Washington.—Chairman Wadsworth of the house committee on agriculture Friday night made public the correspondence between President Roosevelt and himself regarding the committee.

The president in his letter says that almost every change in the house amendment was for the worse as compared with the senate amendment, and in his judgment, so framed as to minimize the chances of rooting out the evils in the packing business.

Mr. Wadsworth declares the president is "very, very wrong" in his estimate of the committee's bill, calls attention to provisions in the bill and concludes with an expression of regret that the president should feel justified, by innuendo at least, in impugning the sincerity and the competency of a committee of the house of representatives.

"You have no warrant for it," says Mr. Wadsworth, in closing.

President's Uncle Dead.

Sayville, L. I.—Robert B. Roosevelt, uncle of the president, died here Tuesday. He had been ill for several months. Robert Roosevelt was born in New York August 7, 1829. He was admitted to the bar in 1857, and practiced law for 20 years, but inheriting a fortune, retired from practice. Mr. Roosevelt was a Democrat in politics, and for many years prominent in the councils of his party, both in the state and nation.

Fifty Horses Cremated.

St. Louis.—Two early morning fires Sunday did damage estimated at \$105,000 by completely gutting a five-story office building and burning a large livery and undertaking establishment. Fifty horses were incinerated in the latter.

Baltimore Paper Suspended.

Baltimore, Md.—Sunday's issue of the Baltimore Herald announces the suspension of that paper. The plant of the establishment has been bought jointly by the Baltimore News and Baltimore American.

Must Surrender or Die.

Durban, Natal.—Col. Mackenzie, of the Natalian contingent, has given the rebels, who are leaderless and scattered far and wide, until June 19 to surrender, after which time they will be shot if captured.

Schwab May Be Senator.

New York.—The report has been revived that Charles M. Schwab will turn up at the proper moment as a candidate for United States senator to succeed Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, whose term expires on March 3, 1909.

Former Ball Player Dead.

Boston.—Michael J. Sullivan, a member of Gov. Guild's council, and formerly a pitcher of the New York National league baseball club, died at the city hospital of cerebral hemorrhage Friday.

MANY VICTIMS OF MOBS.

Total of Slain Jews in Russian Massacres May Reach Thousands.

Vicars.—The Polish papers in Austria have sent special correspondents from Warsaw to Bialystok and current issues contain the first reports which deserve entire credit, as no censor has examined them. All these reports repeat that the massacre of Thursday and Friday was arranged by the local authorities. Other circumstances confirm this.

While most of the correspondents fix the number of victims at 700 dead and wounded, the representative of the Cracow Nova Reforma considers 2,000 nearer the mark. He himself at the railroad station witnessed how numbers of the black band murdered three passengers as they stepped out of a train which had just arrived from Warsaw, while the police and troops were indifferent spectators. Along a distance of 300 yards the same correspondent counted 60 corpses.

St. Petersburg.—The pitiable affair at Bialystok apparently has burned itself out. No further bloodshed was reported Sunday and no more is expected, even by the radicals, who are satisfied that the authorities are now in control and will do everything possible to prevent a renewal of the excesses.

This confidence is based on the action of the governor of Grodno, who is hated and distrusted by the bureaucrats and who, after investigating the situation at Bialystok, took the unprecedented step in order to prevent a spread of the massacres of telegraphing the authorities of all towns within the Jewish pale denying the alleged official reports that the disorders were due to the wanton throwing of bombs at a Christian procession by Jewish revolutionists.

BIRTHDAY OF G. O. P.

Republicans Gather at Philadelphia to Celebrate Semi-Centennial of First Convention.

Philadelphia.—In the same assembly room in Musical Fund hall where, on June 17, 1856, the Republican party opened its first national convention which named Fremont and Dayton as its presidential ticket, there gathered Sunday hundreds of Republicans from different sections of the country to commemorate the event. It was the opening meeting of the four days' celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the republican party under the auspices of the National Republican league.

The old hall, which has changed little since the first convention was held within its walls, was crowded with enthusiastic Republicans who cheered every time the name of any of the Republican presidents was mentioned.

Among those who participated in the exercises were 152 men who had voted for Fremont for president. They entered the hall in a body and were assigned seats in the front part of the auditorium. The appearance of the old men, some of whom could hardly walk, was the occasion of long and enthusiastic applause. In the ranks of the 152 was a delegate who proposed the name of Abraham Lincoln for vice president, but as the Illinois man was not well known the nomination went to Dayton.

The delegates from Texas, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas to the convention attended in a body and many other delegates were distributed about the hall.

Vote for Lock Canal.

Washington.—In committee of the whole Friday the house by a vote of 110 to 34 voted in favor of a lock canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

Y. M. C. A. Man Dead.

Haverhill, Mass.—Gen. Howard L. Porter, one of the leading shoe manufacturers of this city, and prominently identified with the Y. M. C. A. movement, died suddenly Sunday of cerebral hemorrhage.

Makes Sure of Death.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Louis Cipra, master of several languages and a believer in oriental religion and philosophy, took a dose of morphine and then shot himself through the head, dying instantly.

Progress of Royal Tour.

Christiania.—King Haakon VII., Queen Maud and Crown Prince Olaf, who left Christiania on a royal progress to Trondhjem, where the king and queen will be crowned June 22, arrived Thursday at Tofthemoen.

Allege Pastor Is Firebug.

Murphysboro, Ill.—Rev. Mile Gordon Cummings, pastor of the First Christian church, of Murphysboro, was arrested charged with having set fire to a residence here owned by his wife. He filed a \$750 bond.

TO SUE IN REBATE CASES

CRIMINAL ACTION AGAINST OIL AND RAIL MEN ORDERED.

Admissions of Concessions to Standard Is Cause—Millions in Fines Faced.

Cleveland.—Instructions have been given at Washington to begin criminal proceedings against the Lake Shore railroad, George J. Grammer, vice president of the New York Central lines west of Buffalo, the Standard Oil company, and whatever other officers may be shown to have been implicated in the payment and receipt of rebates which were disclosed in the interstate commerce commission hearing here Thursday.

The contemplated proceedings may include Edgar Bogardus, traffic manager of the Standard Oil company at Chicago, and other officers of the Lake Shore at Chicago and Cleveland.

This, together with the complete back-down of the Standard Oil company, when it was given the eagerly sought opportunity to make a defense before the commission's session.

Acting under instructions from the commission, Attorney J. Marchand started for Chicago with a view to preparing the cases for presentation to the federal grand jury there. His instructions are positive with respect to Capt. Grammer, and he has been further ordered to ascertain whether it will be possible to proceed also against the officials of the Lake Shore for a violation of the injunctions issued more than three years ago and restraining the railroads from paying rebates or any kind of traffic. It is the purpose to proceed under both the injunctions and the Elkins amendment to the interstate commerce act.

This decision is the result of testimony given before the commission that from 1903 to January, 1906, the Lake Shore paid rebates to the Standard Oil company, in the form of remitted charges for storage of oil. The evidence showed that this was done directly by the authority of G. J. Grammer, and was discontinued by his express authority.

Auditor Marcus C. Tully, of the Lake Shore, reluctantly told the commission that it had been the practice of Edgar Bogardus to give his bills for storage to the general agent at Chicago, who would forward the accounts to the auditor at Cleveland, who in turn would give the Chicago office credit for the amount without receiving the money from the Standard Oil company. The sum thus rebated amounted to about \$500 a month and is said to have been sufficient to drive other oil dealers out of business.

The federal grand jury will be asked to indict Vice President Grammer and the Lake Shore for paying these rebates. Under the law both the railroad company and the official can be fined not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$20,000 for each offense, and similar treatment can be given the Standard Oil company and the officials of that corporation who may be shown to have been guilty of soliciting the payment of the rebates.

The maximum fines that could be assessed under the law would aggregate \$720,000 against the railroad, a like sum against each of its officers who is guilty and a like sum against each of its officials found guilty. It is possible, therefore, for the Standard Oil company and the railroad company and their officials to be assessed several millions of dollars for infractions of the law.

In addition to this, if the commission's attorney finds that he can proceed under the injunctions of the courts, and he is now certain that this is possible, a charge of contempt of court might be pressed and involve a punishment by both fine and imprisonment.

The testimony in the case was so positive and clear that the commissioners felt that they could not ignore it. After communication with Washington it was determined to institute all the criminal proceedings possible against the accused and to prosecute them vigorously. The instructions are to leave no stone unturned in the attempt to bring the suspects to the fullest justice.

Report on Cananea Trouble. Washington.—In a letter filed with the state department and dated at Cananea, Mex., June 11, W. C. Greene, president of the copper company at whose mines in Cananea the rioting occurred early this month, charges that agitators from the Western Federation had been through the mines inciting the Mexicans, and tells how he was warned of the plot to dynamite the bank and to inaugurate a revolution against President Diaz.

One Survivor of Wreck.

Tampa, Fla.—The schooner Thomas S. Dennison, Capt. Wade, arrived at Port Tampa, having on board Capt. A. Phinney, the sole survivor of the crew of the three-masted schooner Emma L. Cottingham, of New Bedford, Mass. Six men composing the crew of the Cottingham were lost.

Tablet to Gomez.

Havana.—The anniversary of the death of Maxim Gomez was celebrated Sunday by placing a commemorative tablet on the house in which he died. Addresses eulogistic of Gen. Gomez were made by leaders of all parties.

Dinner to Ellen Terry.

London.—A dinner was given Sunday night in honor of Ellen Terry, the famous actress, during the course of a eulogy of Miss Terry's genius said he considered it a great loss that Great Britain had no national theater.

Soldiers Threaten Mutiny.

Port Said, Egypt.—The Russian steamer Korea from Vladivostok April 15, with troops for Odessa arrived here Friday in tow of the British steamer Safari. The Russian soldiers were on the point of mutiny.

Monument to Confederate Dead.

Madison, Wis.—A monument to Confederate soldiers who died here as prisoners of war in 1862 was unveiled Friday afternoon by the Grand Army post, the Woman's Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans.

Heads Illinois Wesleyan.

Bloomington, Ill.—Dr. Francis G. Barnes was installed as president of Illinois Wesleyan university Friday. An address was delivered by President Edmund J. James, of the University of Illinois.

Nurserymen Elect Officers.

Dallas, Tex.—The convention of the American Nurserymen's association adjourned Friday. Orlando Harrison, of Maryland, was elected president. The next meeting place will be Detroit, Mich.

Several Hurt in Wreck.

Joplin, Mo.—The "Frisco" passenger train that left St. Louis Wednesday night crashed into a freight train between Wentworth and Pierce City, Mo., Thursday morning, injuring a number of persons, several seriously.

Dinner to Archbishop.

Rome.—Cardinal Satolli gave a dinner in honor of Archbishop Farley, of New York, who previously had assisted him in the ceremonies attendant on the observance of Corpus Christi day at the church of St. John Lateran.

GREAT CHESS MASTER DEAD

Harry Pillsbury Expires of Apoplexy—Had Taken Many Prizes in Tournaments.

Philadelphia.—Harry Nelson Pillsbury, the chess master, died here Sunday, of apoplexy, after an illness of many months. Pillsbury was born December 5, 1872, at Somerville, Mass., where the body will be taken, the funeral to be held there next Tuesday.

Pillsbury learned the rudiments of chess when he was 15 years old at the Deschappelles chess club in Boston. His first notable victory was a score of five to four in a match with John F. Barry of Boston in 1891. In 1893 he won the New York city tournament with a total of seven out of a possible nine, and in 1895 won first prize at the Hastings tournament against many of the strongest players of the world. This victory logically made him one of the quartette of the then most famous players named to compete at St. Petersburg—Lasker, Steinitz, Tchigorin and Pillsbury. His score with the world champion, Lasker, was 3½ to 2½. In 1897 Pillsbury won from Showalter the American chess championship, which he confirmed by a second match with Showalter in 1898. In all, Pillsbury played in 14 international chess tournaments and was a prize winner in all except at Cambridge Springs, Pa., in 1904, when he was ill. Pillsbury showed his chess genius not alone by match and tournament play. At blindfold chess it is said his record has never been equaled. At Moscow he played 22 games without sight of the boards, and at Philadelphia 20 games, which feat he repeated at Vienna.

Republican Ticket Named. Minnesota Convention Selects A. L. Cole for Governor and Indorses Senator Nelson.

Duluth, Minn.—The Republican state convention Wednesday nominated a complete state ticket.

The platform gives an enthusiastic endorsement of the present national Republican administration; approves the Panama canal; protection to American labor and industries; the gold money standard; legislation against the adulteration of food; election of United States senators by direct vote of the people; a two-cent railroad fare; abolition of free passes and a readjustment of freight rates.

The ticket follows: Governor, A. L. Cole; Walker, lieutenant governor, A. J. E



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE BATHORNE
AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE FISH"
"THE LITTLE FISH"
"THE LITTLE FISH"

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Again they are in the saddle; two more hours' riding will take them to the mine. They can see smoke rising in the sunny atmosphere of the hills—some that comes from the ridge—the same that contains the wonderful auriferous deposit that has made the name of El Dorado known throughout the whole world—corals and shells as yet from the gaze of the travelers. At exactly a quarter to twelve the cavalcade draws up before the mouth of the mine, where they are greeted with cheers by the groups of miners who, having been warned an hour or more before, are waiting to receive them.

A number of houses have grown up near the opening of the El Dorado—some of them dwelling places for the engineers in charge and their families. Miss Westerly has been rigidly severe in her management of the mine, and there are no liquor joints within a certain radius, in fact as far as she controls. Besides, the men employed in various positions of trust have been carefully selected, and are especially fitted for their work—most of them are temperance men, and as a natural result those they employ are to be trusted, though of course hypocrites will creep in at times; wolves in sheep's clothing.

Our friends soon make themselves at home; Dora and her mistress are taken into the house of the chief engineer, while Dick and Bob determine to camp with the men near by, as they particularly desire to see all that goes on. If the war that was inaugurated on Mexican soil on the Alameda is to be concluded at the El Dorado, they mean to keep posted.

The great mine employs scores of men, and turns out great quantities of the richest ore. Their profits must be close upon the two million mark per annum, the way the mills stand it out at present. Little wonder, then, that the greedy old Senor Lopez is exceedingly anxious to get control of the whole business; he hopes to turn both streams of gold into his capacious pockets, and thus make himself the wealthiest man in all Mexico.

When Dick and Bob see what is going on at the mine, they do not wonder at the pertinacity of the Mexican in following Pauline across the sea—surely the wealth of Croesus is here disclosed. Guards are everywhere, all heavily armed, and apparently ready to do battle in the interests of the cause they serve. A singular scene, truly, and one the like of which could not be found anywhere else in the world, the soldiers of a government hired out to serve a private enterprise.

Dick asks quiet questions; it is his desire to discover how much of a hold the Lopez family may have upon the mine, how deep the influence of the wily old strategist has gone. He is surprised at what he learns. Lopez has been at work and secretly controls many of the men. This he learns from the engineer in charge.

There is a surprise in store for Dick and one that makes him uneasy. He is walking among the houses just at sunset, having seen Pauline home after a fatiguing survey of the mine, and declining an invitation to supper from the chief engineer's wife, when he hears his name spoken in a low voice.

"Senor Dick!"
He starts and looks back. Not a living being does he see upon the rough street. Surely he must have dreamed it. He sweeps a hand across his brow and mutters something about his mind playing him a scurvy trick, when again it comes, like a zephyr:

"Senor Dick! at the window!"
Ah, now he comprehends. He looks up and finds himself face to face with the Mexican beauty, Juanita.

How comes the daughter of Lopez here? Dick feels a little shiver pass over his frame as it strikes him that her presence at the El Dorado has something to do with Pauline; he cannot forget, however, that the black-eyed houri really did what she could to save his life at the time of the fire in Paris, and that he is thus under obligations to her.

"This is indeed a surprise; I thought you were still in the City of Mexico," he says, after an awkward, embarrassing pause.

"It is nothing new for a Lopez to be here. Once we owned the whole of this great mine. I have seen it many times. I hear you had much trouble on the road, senor."

"Not we; it was the other parties who had the rough time, senorita," he laughs, his good nature coming to the rescue.

"Will you enter and tell me about it?"

He shakes his head; the fly is disposed to be cautious, and gives as an excuse that his comrade will be waiting for him. At the same time he rapidly sketches the desperate attack in the Valley of the Muertos, and Juanita's dead drops as if in shame, at the conviction that all this comes from the insatiable desire of her unscrupulous father for more power.

Then, recovering herself, she asks rapidly that Dick is kept busy answering, and notes the lapse of time until he finds he can hardly distinguish the lovely Mexican's features although her face is close to his own.

"I must bid you good night, senorita," he says, hastily, lifting his hat.

"Good night," she murmurs, as he strides down the rough street she looks after him with a sigh that comes from the heart, looks after him with clasped hands and tears upon the long, drooping eyelashes. It is a picture of misery, of despair, which she presents, and tells only too plainly the story of her woe.

"They would sacrifice him, my hero, my king. They hate—I love. Let

them plan. I can defeat. Hate would murder, destroy; but love sacrifices all to save. Yes, I love him so that Heaven help me. I would save his life for her," and the strange child of passion lets her head drop upon her arms and sobs as though her heart were breaking. She has subdued the worst passions of her nature, and is now seized by a sublime heroism, beside which that of Jean of Arc would pale; she gave her life for those she loved; while this girl woman stands ready to yield up hers to save for her rival the man she loves.

CHAPTER XXI.

Waiting for an Eruption of the Volcano.

The elements are present for a great drama. As soon as darkness covers the earth, men come dripping into camp. Although there are guards posted, these of course are Mexicans, who secretly sympathize with Senor Lopez, and as it is that individual and his men who come in, no objection is made. Indeed they have no objection to the contrary, and the senior is known to have great interests in the El Dorado.

Once these elements have mingled with the miners, the seed is sown for a revolt. Dick and Bob are spending the evening at the house of the chief engineer, to enjoy the society of those in whom they are so deeply interested, when the owner comes in. Upon his face is a look of annoyance—even his wife glances nervously at him, as though she anticipates new trouble.

In the past they have known rough times, these two, for the bad element was in control when John Alexander assumed charge, and he had to war upon it continually in order to eliminate it from the company's works.

So his good wife has learned to know what that frown upon his face means. Dick has been looking for something of this kind, and at once foresees trouble ahead. He makes an opportunity to see Alexander near the window, while the ladies, assisted by the enraptured colonel, always wild over music, search to discover favorite songs amid the pile the hostess has, which Miss Pauline will soon ravish their ears in warbling.

The head engineer plucks him by the sleeve.

"It is coming, he says, in a low, thrilling whisper.
Dick smiles, this mad fight for the possession of the mine interests him about as much as it can any one on earth, since he intends to marry the girl who holds the lion's share of the stock; and yet he smiles as though it is a mere nothing.

"Just as I warned you, Mr. Alexander,"

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me, sir, now that there is a man at the helm, I believe we will have no more trouble."

"You don't believe in a woman's ways, then?"

"Yes, decidedly, in her sphere; but Miss Westerly doesn't understand men and it is hard to tell her everything. She is kind, she is good, and has developed the mine in a wonderful way, but I believe the right man in charge will soon arrange matters so that these uprisings will never occur again," significantly.

"I comprehend; you mean a man would string up a few of these rascals as a warning that the owners of the El Dorado will not put up with such business. We have the man along with us who can do these things in style. Colonel Bob, as you call him, is just the man for an affair of that kind."

"As I said, sir, once this matter is settled, we shall have no more trouble."

"Let us arrange a plan of action. If, as I believe, they mean to force our hand at once, this night shall see great times at the El Dorado, and I trust the morning sun will look upon us as victors in a just cause. The lesson must be severe; radical. I only hope that that infernal rascal of a Lopez gets in the way of a bullet; it will certainly expedite matters."

"And it wouldn't be a bad thing if that bull-fighter was also laid low; he is the only man I have ever feared."

"Jove! Barcelona here! He's after revenge," and Dick quickly relates how he and the Mexican have several times met, and the last occasion in the presence of the multitude on the Alameda, and how Torcas, up to date, has had the worst of it.

"He came in just after dark, accompanied by the queerest little man you ever saw."

"That's Professor John—he's after bugs, but I reckon wouldn't be averse to accepting some stock in the El Dorado from the senior for services rendered. Jove! perhaps he now has an eye on Juanita, and hopes to inherit the whole of the Lopez claim," with a laugh at the grotesque Briton making love first to Dora, then to Miss Pauline, and finally to the Mexican beauty, for of all men the scientist is about the least favored with good looks and the qualities that go to make up a hero in the eyes of woman.

"Perhaps you are right, sir, but I can't conceive for the life of me how Miss Lopez, or any other girl for that matter, could see anything in that long-haired little Englishman, who, as you say, hants bugs for a living. Still, there's no accounting for tastes, they say, and the right woman might come along, and take him under her arm protesting to raise," at which both of them laugh again.

The situation is too serious, however, to admit of much levity. Dick knows he has the battle of his life before him, and that he must finish matters in this engagement. If he wins, the party of Miss Pauline will have no more trouble at the mine; on the other hand, should he lose, the

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AMERICANS ARE PAINT USERS

It has been remarked that the American people consume more paint, both in the aggregate and per capita, than any other people in the world. In a recently published article on the subject it was figured that our yearly consumption is over 100,000,000 gallons of paints of all kinds, of which over one-half is used in the paintings of houses.

The reason for this great consumption is twofold: a large proportion of our buildings, especially in small towns and rural districts, are constructed of wood, and we, as a people, are given to neatness and cleanliness. For, take it all in all, there is nothing so cleanly or so sanitary as paint.

Travel where we will throughout the country, everywhere we find the neat, cheerful painted dwelling, proclaiming at once the prosperity and the self-respect of our population.

Fifty years ago this was not so; painted dwellings, while common in the larger cities and towns, were the exception in the rural districts; because, on the one hand, a large proportion of those buildings were temporary makeshifts, and, on the other hand, because paint was then a luxury, expensive and difficult to obtain in the out-of-the-way places, and requiring special knowledge and much preparation to fit it for use.

The introduction of ready mixed or prepared paints, about 1860, changed the entire aspect of affairs. As the Jack-of-all-trades told the Walking Delegate in one of Octave Thanet's stories, "Anyone can slather paint." The insurmountable difficulty with our predecessors was to get the paint ready for painting in a convenient, popular form is shown by the immediate success of the industry and its phenomenal growth in 50 years from nothing to 60,000,000 gallons—the estimated output for 1900.

Some pretty severe things have been written about and said against this class of paints, especially by painters and manufacturers of certain kinds of paste paints. Doubtless many instances these strictures have been justified and some fearfully and wonderfully constructed mixtures have in the past been worked off on the gullible consumer in the shape of prepared paint. But such products have had their short day and quickly disappeared, and the enterprising manufacturers that produced them have come to grief in the bankruptcy courts or have learned by costly experience that honesty is the best policy and have reformed their ways.

The chief exceptions to this rule are some mail order houses who sell direct to the country trade, at a very low price—frequently below the wholesale price of linseed oil. The buyer of such goods, like the buyer of a "gold brick," has only himself to blame if he finds his purchase worthless. With gold selling at any bank or mint at a fixed price, owners of gold do not sell it at a discount; and with linseed oil quoted everywhere at 50 to 70 cents a gallon, manufacturers do not sell a pure linseed oil paint at 30 or 40 cents a gallon.

The composition of prepared paints differs because paint experts have not yet agreed as to the best pigments and because the daily results of tests on a large scale are constantly improving the formulas of manufacturers; but all have come to the conclusion that the essentials of good paint are pure linseed oil, fine grinding and thorough incorporation, and in these particulars all the products of reputable manufacturers correspond; all first-class prepared paints are thoroughly mixed and ground and the liquid base is almost exclusively pure linseed oil, the necessary volatile "thinners" and Japan driers.

The painter's opposition to such products is based largely on self-interest. He wants to mix the paint himself and to be paid for doing it, and to a certain class of painters it is no recommendation for a paint to say that it will last five or ten years. The longer a paint lasts the longer he will have to wait for the job of repainting. The latter consideration has no weight with the consumer, and the former is a false idea of economy. Hand labor can never be as cheap or as efficient as machine work, and every time the painter mixes paint, did he but know it, he is losing money, because he can buy a better paint than he can mix at less than it costs him to mix it.

Prepared paints have won, not only on their actual merits, but on their convenience and economy. They are comparatively cheap and they are incomparably handy. But when all is said, the experienced painter is the proper person to apply even a ready mixed paint. He knows better than anyone else the "when" and "how" and the difference between painting and "slathering" is much greater than it appears to a novice. Everyone to his trade, and after all painting is the painter's trade and not the householder's.

"HE RAN FOR LAWYER."

But There Was a Doubt as to Whether He Had Ever Caught the Office.

A man from Pennsylvania went to Vineland on a business errand. The town was strange to him, and he was unacquainted with the man (a lawyer) he had gone to see. The directions he received were so indefinite that he found himself on the edge of the town without having come to the house he sought. Then he met an old negro and asked the way of him and learned that the house lay about a quarter of a mile farther down the road.

"The man I want to see is a lawyer," he said to the old man. "Is this Mr. Dash down the road a lawyer?"

"He ain't no lawyer that I ever heard tell of," answered the negro. "You're sure?"

The old negro scratched his head in deep thought. Then a gleam of remembrance lighted his eyes. "Now I think of it, boss," he said, "pears like I do recollect he ran for lawyer one time."

Some women are so inquisitive that they would even try to pump an organ.

Population of Labrador.

Labrador has a resident population of 10,000, of whom 3,500 are white, settled along its south coast. Many of the Indians are half-breeds, and there are 3,000 Eskimos scattered along the northern water front. In addition it is visited each summer by some 20,000 Newfoundlanders, who engage in fishing, which is the chief pursuit of these people. Yet there is no court nor jail, magistrate nor policeman, nor any other officer of the law on this 1,000 miles of seaboard.

INDIAN PRINCE IN AMERICA.



The Maharajah Gaekwar, the second greatest prince in India and the direct descendant of one of the maharajahs who ruled the moguls or rulers of India when the East India company wrested control from them, is now in this country on a visit, accompanied by his wife, the maharani, and his brother, Sampratas, who is acting as his secretary. He rules the state of Baroda, with its 2,000,000 population and 8,000 square miles. He is a dapper little fellow, dresses in European clothes and is much interested in colleges, many of which he will visit while in America.

HAS CISTERN FOR HOME.

Where a San Francisco Man Has Lived Since the "Recent Unpleasantness."

The spirit of the cave dwellers is not dead. This is shown by the temporary home of Maj. I. H. Tomlinson, who has lived since the recent unpleasantness in a cistern at the corner of Broadway and Jones street, San Francisco.

"The cistern is in the summit of a hill on the Demarest estate and is reached through a short tunnel. A rough opening has been made in the wall and in this primitive doorway the occupant may be seen smoking the pipe of contentment, as indifferent to earthquakes as were his ancestors of the stone age."

A cat shares the subterranean apartment and pictures from the magazines have been pasted upon its walls. It had been the intention of the owners of the property to make a curio room of the cistern, which is about ten feet across, and its walls had been covered with whitewash. The smoke of the conflagration, however, converted this to black.

Maj. Tomlinson has found the solid bedrock in which his abode is sunken an admirable seismograph, and says that he has detected more than 100 tremblers since the great earthquake. But neither fire nor seismic disturbance has terrors in the cistern, which would withstand a Kansas cyclone.

Land of Mysticism.

Persia probably doesn't know she's a sore problem to the foreign secretaries of nations, besides being the despair of all missionaries. Her shah—"king of kings"—ensconced in barbaric splendor in his vast rambling palace at Teheran is, of course, a mere puppet juggled alternately by Russia and Great Britain, both of whose huge empires impinge upon that of the "shadow of God upon earth." A land

of native mysticism.

Native of Tibet sometimes impose on inexperienced European hunters, according to a traveler. "A sportsman shoots at a herd, say, of ibex, which are always on difficult ground; his guide says he has killed one and advises him to give some of the nearest

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SHE PREFERRED TO STAND

Street Car Strap Is Much Nicer When One Has on New Clothes.

By the time the car reached Fortieth street there were no fewer than a dozen vacant seats, but the girl in the new tailor-made gown refused to avail herself of their hospitality, re-lates the New York Press. The messenger boy pointed them out to her. So did the woman in blue and the man with the red beard, but to all invitations to make herself comfortable the tailored girl said: "No, I thank you. I get off soon," and continued to lurk backward and forward in the middle of the car.

The conductor watched her grimly. "I could have told those folks it was no use to try to make that girl sit down," he said to a passenger on the platform. "She never does. I used to try to get her to rest herself for a minute or two, just for a change, but I never could do it. She has been riding in my car pretty regularly for about a year, and no matter whether the passengers are many or few seldom have I seen her sit down. I used to wonder why she chose to stand up and flop around that way, but I have come to the conclusion that she does it because her clothes fit so well."

"I have seen lots of other people with the same trick. When I find a woman who insists upon standing in a car where there are vacant seats I look at her clothes, and it turns out, nine times in ten, that she has a good figure and a dress that wouldn't show a wrinkle under a microscope."

Fool European Hunters.

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FADING AWAY.

The High Standing of the Boys Who Wore the Blue.

Commander-in-Chief Corporal Tanner, speaking at the Grand Army campfire in Saginaw, said: "Recently the moral sense of the country has been shocked. We have seen men who stood high in the ranks of the army and the financiers of the country exposed and convicted of most flagrant crimes. But take the whole disgraceful list of names, search it from top to bottom, and I defy anyone to find the name of a man who wore the blue."

If the percentage of decrease in the membership of the Michigan G. A. R. during the past two years continues, the order will pass out of existence in this state within about 16 years. Since 1900 there has been a marked increase in the annual losses. In 1901 the loss was only 1 per cent; in 1902 it rose to .035 per cent; the next year it rose to .05; in 1904 it was .065 and last year it was 1.02. The membership on January 1, 1906, was 11,560, while two years ago it was 12,168. During the past year 440 members died. There are today 340 posts in Michigan, a decrease of six in a year. These facts are given by the annual report of the retiring department commander, Ellery C. Cannon. Financially the G. A. R. is in a prosperous condition. Mr. Cannon said:

"The G. A. R. is an organization that must grow less. It reached its height in 1892, and has been gradually growing smaller ever since."

"It is a curious fact that only about one-third of the men who fought in the rebellion belong to the G. A. R. Many of the veterans claim that they cannot afford the dollar a year, etc."

MILLIONAIRES.

Republican County Convention.

The republican convention met in the Court House Monday and organized by placing H. G. Prettyman in the chair and electing John Lawson secretary.

The interest of the convention centered in the election of 16 delegates to the state convention, and the committee on permanent organization and order of business went beyond their limit in trying to instruct the convention as to the method of electing them. The plan showed a residuum of Judsonism in that it was cut and dried for giving the bosses entire control. The committee reported in favor of the appointment by the chair of ten men to select the 16 delegates, but a storm of opposition arose at once, and after a spirited discussion the plan was rejected by a vote of 80 to 53 and the delegates were appointed in the usual way.

Bossism got a very black eye and it is to be hoped that this will be the last attempt of the machine to override the sentiment in the county to allow the people to direct the movements of the republican party.

Owing to the press of Commencement matters we are obliged to defer till next week the list of delegates and county committee.

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest," I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N.Y.

THEY ARE NOT OUR KIND.

In discussing the heterogeneous mass of immigrants being thrown upon our shores, Mr. Broughton Brandenburg, president of the National Institute of Immigration, makes a point which is of far greater importance than either numbers or condition. "They are not our kind," he says; and when that is said everything is said concerning the influence of unchecked and indiscriminate immigration upon the permanence of our institutions. The day has gone past when there can be a shadow of pretence that these thousands of aliens seek this country for anything but the promise of big wages. They are not the oppressed seeking liberty; they have no conception of liberty that is not license; they do not understand that self-government is possible only to a people disciplined by individual self-government; their respect is not for the law but for the police. Optimists claim that a generation or two under the training of the public schools Americanizes their descendants, and quote the patriotic service of the foreign contingent in our army, but that by no means touches the heart of the question. A man may grow up with the outer semblance of an American without being imbued by the principles on which our American civilization is founded; he may follow the flag even unto death and not comprehend the national virtues which give that flag its sacredness. Our national character was wrought out of storm and stress and generations of struggle and hardship; these wage-seekers are not willing to go to the frontiers and endure the conditions through which our own generation has received its sturdiest virtues. "They are not our kind." They will never be our kind. The west and the northwest are peopled by the great-grandchildren of the colonial generations; New England still exists on the Western Reserve and all through the west New England ideas permeate our institutions and our legislation. They are still in sufficient control to constitute our saving grace. The south still clings, in all her better characteristics, to the traditions of the colonial times and the early days of the Republic. But can we look for the New England conscience or for southern sense of personal dignity or responsibility among the hordes which are drained from southeastern Europe? "They are not of our kind." That should be a potent reason why congress should act before the session closes on the restrictive immigration bill now before it.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulents. They operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

List of Letters.

Following is a list of letters remaining in the post office, Ypsilanti, for the week ending June 16, 1906.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Boynton, M S Graham, Thomas
Billings, Walter Jackson, Ernest
Eddinger, Max Marsh, Geo A
Pearce—657 Forest ave

LADIES' LIST.

Davis, Mrs Emma Meyers, Miss Elsie
Jackson, Mrs Davide Post, Zehn

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

WANTED—Gentleman or lady with good reference, to travel by rail or with a rig, for a firm of \$250,000.00 capital. Salary \$1,072.00 per year and expenses; salary paid weekly and expenses advanced. Address, with stamp, Jos. A. Alexander, Ypsilanti, Mich. *8183

Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NUTRIMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. Each bottle, 50c and \$1.00; all druggists.

For that Dandruff

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured by
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Council Proceedings.

The city council Monday voted to accept the plan to keep the Michigan Pressed Steel Co. here, the city to put up a building of cement blocks 200 by 60 feet opposite the ladder factory, taking in exchange the present factory and having a clause by which the new building shall revert to the city in case the company leaves.

Ald. Colvan's motion to hire a city engineer at a salary not over \$2500 was lost, Ald. Norton, Vandewalker, Colvan and Max voting aye.

A storm sewer was ordered on E. Congress street from Grove street to the river. A cement arch was ordered over the Lowell street creek.

\$5000 was borrowed from the National bank for the paving fund and \$70 for the park fund overdraft from the contingent fund.

W. B. Seymour was named special assessor. Will Knisely having resigned.

A storm sewer was ordered on Cross street from Oakwood to Ellis, and the Perrin street sewer extended to Pearl.

Geo. Jackson's bill for half the phone rent for seven years, \$61.18, was held out. Ald. Colvan, Brown and Stevens recommended that the question of putting all wires underground be submitted to the people next election.

As the River street curbing is out of shape because of the washing out of the bank, it was thought the contractor should be notified to rebuild it, and the curbing inspector was ordered to make out a list of all defective curbs and report.

The walks of J. E. McGregor and W. W. Worden were ordered raised to grade at city expense, only $\frac{1}{2}$ the cost of McGregor's walk to be defrayed by city. The protests of the Perrin street residents between Cross and Ellis were filed. C. N. Cordary's protest against the city's tearing up his old walk was referred to the street commissioner to report on. Second street residents' appeal for opening a street through Henry Brown's place for convenience of residents and delivery men was referred to streets and parks committee, city attorney and engineer. Petition for a walk on Sheridan street between Summit and Oakwood referred. Bell street walk was asked for on south end, referred to aldermen to report.

On motion of Ald. Brown \$100 was voted for a Fourth of July celebration in Prospect Park. A proposition from the Abbott Voting Machine Co. and one from the board of health about the use of fire arms were filed unread. A bunch of sidewalks was ordered as recommended by the inspector. The street commissioner was ordered to cut the weeds in the streets.

Lax-ets—A Candy Bowl Laxative. If you have Constipation, If you have a coated tongue, If you are dizzy, bilious, sallow, If you have Headaches, Sour Stomach, etc., risk 5 cents on Lax-ets. See for yourself. Frank Smith.

The D. A. R. Meeting.

The D. A. R. held their last meeting of the year at the home of Mrs. F. K. Owen Saturday. The plan of the work for next year was as follows: Sept. 15, vacation notes; Oct. 20, Tenth anniversary of Ypsilanti chapter; Nov. 17, Patriotic songs; Dec. 15, the Boston Tea Party; Jan. 10, Heroines of the Revolution; Feb. 16, Mt. Vernon; March 16, the American Navy in the Revolution; April 20, Benedict Arnold and Maj. Andre; May 18, annual reports; June 15, Old Fashioned flowers. Mrs. J. A. Watling sent an interesting account of the effort being made, endorsed by President Roosevelt, to purchase the McLean cottage at Appomattox in which Grant and Lee ended the civil war. It was taken down for erection at the world's fair and is in good condition. The paper of the day was by Mrs. C. W. Childs on "The Immigration Problem," and was an exceedingly interesting one. Mrs. Childs gave some astonishing statistics, showing how rapidly immigration has increased since the civil war until now in one day nearly 12,000 aliens landed at Ellis Island. What is worse is that no longer are the comers of the northern European nations who made good American citizens, but of the Hun and Slav races, ignorant, bitterly hostile to all government, taking liberty for license and hopelessly unassimilable. An effort is being made to get them to go to the northwest and not to congest the eastern cities. Puritan New England is gone. Massachusetts and Connecticut are almost foreign states.

An Alarming Situation frequently results from neglect of clogged bowels and torpid liver, until constipation becomes chronic. This condition is unknown to those who use Dr. King's New Life Pills; the best and gentlest regulators of stomach and bowels. Guaranteed by Smith Brothers and Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews druggist. Price 25c.

A Fire in Rome.

A lawyer who visited Rome tells how the fire department grappled with a blaze in the Eternal City. He says: "The fire was in what we would call a grocery store. It seemed a long time before the fire department responded, but after awhile I saw a hose wagon dash around the corner, with a number of firemen standing on the running boards on each side. The wagon stopped at a hydrant, and each fireman jumped from the wagon with a little roll of hose. The first man coupled his to the hydrant, and then each man coupled his section to the preceding section. Finally they had water on the fire, and after another long period a man with a plumed hat drove up in a victoria. He was the chief. The captain of the company and the chief saluted with much ceremony, then shook hands and then held a long and dignified conversation. Finally, I suppose, the captain told the chief the grocery was on fire, and the chief acknowledged it was and complimented him on his perspicuity. Oh, yes, they finally put the fire out, and Rome still stands!"

Difficult Haymaking.

One of the most curious sights that one notices in the agricultural parts of Norway is the peculiar way of drying out the hay. On account of the extreme dampness the grass roots lie left on the ground after it is mowed. Wood-drying fences that stretch for hundreds of yards across the fields are built, and every night the hay is hung out to dry, like the family wash. The sun helps along in the daytime, but it is only a half hearted help, and in the neighborhood of Bergen, where it is said to rain 364 days out of the year, the hay is almost always "on the fence." In the lake districts, where the hilly country makes means of transportation very difficult, a heavy copper wire is stretched from the top of a mountain to the village in the valley below. Down this huge masses of hay are sent sailing through the air, sometimes whizzing dangerously near the unwary tourist's head. —New York Tribune.

Yes, We Are Restless.

"We are a restless people," observes the Sedgewick (Kan.) Panthograph. "Every town woman longs to be fat. Every fat woman wants to grow thin. Every town man longs for the time when he can retire to the quiet of the country, and every farmer hopes to some day quit work and move to town, where he can take life easy. Country newspaper men would like to try their hand on a city daily. The fellows on the big dailies dream of a time when they can own a paper of their own. In youth we long for maturity. In age we yearn for the happy days of childhood. There is no excuse for it other than that we all seem to be built that way. The grass seems to be just a little bit greener and thriftier most any direction from the place you occupy right now. Contentment is as near to happiness as you can get in this world."

Boy Was a Good Listener.

The Smiths were not overcautious in discussing neighbors' faults in the presence of their little son. A van one day backed up to the curb, and much to Mrs. Smith's objection, her boy Tommy assisted an objectionable neighbor to move. The little fellow worked hard and made himself very useful. When the last wagonload had been hauled away and the doors of the vacant house locked Tommy returned home, tired and disgusted. His mother could not reconcile the boy's early enthusiasm with his present dejection, and she asked him what was the matter. "I worked and watched around the house all day," whined the tired little fellow, "but I didn't see them take any skeletons out of the closets." —New York Times.

Feminine Study of Man.

Man is when all is said a vastly lovable being and even his faults—indeed, chiefly his faults—have a most unobtrusive attraction for us. But man the conqueror is a very different creature from man the conqueror. The first is always ready and longing to afford us everything in the world we desire—ready to sell his immortal soul for our pleasures. The second grudges us a kind word. —A Spinster in M. A. P.

Conkling's Invective.

Roscoe Conkling, like John J. Ingalls, was a master at invective. Conkling, it is said, once upon a time in summing up to a jury thus attempted to belittle the testimony of a rummy faced, knobby nosed witness for the opposition: "Methinks, gentlemen, I can see that witness now, his mouth stretching across the wide desolation of his face, a sepulcher of rum and a fountain of falsehood!"

Two of a Kind.

A man waiting for a street car asked a gentleman standing by, "It are time for the street car, ain't it, or have any one went out in the last few minutes?" The answer is said to have been, "If any have went I haven't saw it." —Greensboro (N. C.) Record.

Escaped Her Too.

Elderly Man (greeting lady acquaintance)—I remember your face perfectly, miss, but your name has escaped me. The Young Woman—I don't wonder. It escaped me three years ago. I am married now.

The Guide's Measure.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," remarked the guide as he led Algeron and Percy into the Yosemite valley.—Lampoon.

"Banter" is a word whose origin no scholar can trace.

Following the Flag.

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at Smith Bros. and Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews druggists. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Hippocratic Era in Medicine.

Richard Cole Newton declares that even in the early days of the Hippocratic era the art of surgery eschewed all forms of superstition and philosophical conjecture, attaining practical results by direct methods. At a very early age the profession of medicine was fully recognized in Greece and in many cases was generously rewarded. We read of swindlers and charlatans for those days too. Patent medicines were also sold. The Hippocratic oath, which for over twenty centuries has remained practically unchanged, is an evidence of the sagacity, the sense of professional honor and responsibility and the clear thinking of the Greeks. Hippocrates was born on the island of Cos in 460 B. C. A large collection of writings, evidently the work of many physicians, whose identity is unknown, has been ascribed to the pen of this leader. The Greeks were wonderfully brilliant in medical attainments, for they studied nature and her methods and shook themselves free from a monumental load of ignorance and superstition. The synchronous development of mind and body was the fundamental rule, both of health and education.—Medical Record.

The Discipline of Failure.

The best skating is always on thin ice—we like to feel it crack and yield under our feet. There is a deadly fascination in the thought of twenty or thirty feet of cold water beneath. Last year's mortality list cuts no ice with us. We must make our own experiments, while Dr. Experience screams himself hoarse from his bonfire on the bank. He has held many an inquest on this darkling shore of the river of time, and he will undoubtedly live to hold many another, but thus far we have not been the subjects, and when it comes to the mistakes of others we are all delighted to serve on the corner's jury. It isn't well for us to be saved from too many blunders. We need the discipline of failure. It is better to fall than never to try, and the man who can contemplate the graveyard of his own hopes without bitterness will not always be ignored by the gods of success.—Meredith Nicholson in Reader.

Tree That Gives Light.

Among freaks of nature in trees there stands conspicuous one known as the Asiatic star tree. It is enormously tall, growing to a height of from sixty feet to eighty feet, while from the ground up to a distance of about forty feet the trunk is perfectly bare. From that point there spring a number of tangled limbs, which shoot out clusters of long, pointed leaves, and it is these, grouped together, that emit at night a clear, phosphorescent light. This gives the tree a spectral appearance and is very deceiving to travelers, who frequently mistake the glow for an illuminated window of a house. The light is not brilliant, but is of sufficient strength to allow of a newspaper being read by it. It does not flicker, but glows steadily from sunset to day-break.

Men Who Walked on All Fours.

In the kingdom of Poland there was formerly a law according to which any person found guilty of slander was compelled to walk on all fours through the streets of the town where he lived accompanied by the beadle, as a sign that he was disgraced and unworthy of the name of man. At the next public festival the delinquent was forced to appear crawling upon hands and knees underneath the banquet table and barking like a dog. Every guest was at liberty to give him as many kicks as he chose, and he who had been slandered must toward the end of the banquet throw a picked bone at the culprit, who, picking it up with his mouth, would leave the room on all fours.

No Peace For Discoverers.

It is remarkable how few of the discoverers and conquerors of the new world died in peace. Columbus died of a broken heart, Balboa was disgraced by the name of man. At the next public festival the delinquent was forced to appear crawling upon hands and knees underneath the banquet table and barking like a dog. Every guest was at liberty to give him as many kicks as he chose, and he who had been slandered must toward the end of the banquet throw a picked bone at the culprit, who, picking it up with his mouth, would leave the room on all fours.

Don't Kill the Hawk.

Man has slain more than any other animal in trifling with nature's balance. Clover crops and the killing of hawks are apparently unrelated, yet the hawks eat the field mice, the field mice prey on the American bees, and the bees fertilize the clover blossoms. The death of a hawk means an ever-increase of field mice and a consequent destruction of the bees.—Country Life in America.

A Charity Dance.

Awkward Spouse—I see our set is to have a grand charity ball. Did you ever dance for charity? Pretty Wife—Of course. Don't you remember how I used to tuck you up on my back and dance with you when we first met?—London Telegraph.

His Wish.

They had just moved into a new house, and they stood surveying the situation. "I wish," she said, "that this carpet was velvet." "I don't," responded the husband unfeelingly. "I wish it was down."

Easy.

Maisie—Aren't you coming to my party? Daisy—How can I when I'm in half mourning? Maisie—Oh, well, come and stay half the evening.—Cleveland Leader.

Not to understand a treasure's worth all time has stolen away the slightest good is cause of half the poverty we feel and makes the world the wilderness it is.—Cowper.

Pink Lips, Like Velvet.

Rough, Chapped or Cracked Lips, can be made as soft as velvet by applying at bedtime, a light coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. The effect on the lips or skin of this most excellent ointment is always immediate and certain. Dr. Shoop's Green Salve takes out completely the soreness of cuts, burns, bruises and all skin abrasions. It is surely a wonderful and most highly satisfactory healing ointment. In glass jars at 25c. Sold by Frank Smith.

Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

Origin of "Stationer."

According to Pierre de Blois, the title "stationer" was applied to one class of bookseller long before the seventeenth century, though that may have been the period when it came to refer to any seller of books. He distinguishes between the librari and the stationari, who had both become so numerous in Paris in 1259 that certain regulations had to be made for their control. The former were agents for the sale and loan of manuscripts, a large sum of money being deposited in the bank, allowed to have stations or stalls in the markets, were sellers and copiers of manuscripts. At the time he wrote there were twenty-nine brokers and stationers in Paris, not a very dangerous number, one would think, considering that Paris from the twelfth to the fifteenth century was considered the chief seat of learning.—London Standard.

Wished It Was Saturday Night.

One of our best known manufacturers, whose business for years has been done by traveling salesmen, made up his mind to call personally upon his New York city trade as an excuse to get to New York, a place he had not visited in twenty years. The gorgeousness of the hotels made a great impression upon him. The best was none too good, as he has plenty of money, and he is not afraid to spend it when away from home, so he put up at one of the palatial hostleries and had a suit of rooms. When he returned he told his friends of the magnificence of the place, the fine furniture, the beautiful decorations and the finely appointed bathroom. "Why," he said, "the floor was tiled, the walls were tiled away up to the ceiling, the tub was porcelain, there were plenty of towels, hot and cold running water, and—and—by gosh, I only wished it was Saturday night!"—Boston Herald.

The Tinsel Maker of Delhi.

Here is an artist's pretty description of a tinsel maker in Delhi, India: "The slither tread from a ball under the worker's feet as he squats on the ground runs over the hook and is attached to the spindle. One rapid sweep of the latter along the worker's thigh sets it going and both the slender, supple hands are free, one for the thread, one for the reel of tinsel, which in a flash shoots upward to arm's length coiled like a snake about the spinning thread. The sunlight and the gold tinsel together flash up the yellow silken thread, seeming to set it on fire."

Coughing.

"There is nothing so irritable to a cough as a cough." Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body. So long as it is continued the wound will not heal. Let a person when tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and benefit will soon be received from this process. The explanation simply is that the nitrogen which is thus refined acts as an anodyne to the mucous membrane, allaying the desire to cough and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal.

Niagara Outdone.

A Scotchman was taken by an American friend to visit Niagara falls. Already his feelings as a patriot had been a little frosted by the persistent blowing of his conductor on the greatness of things American. "Did you ever behold anything so wonderful as that?" asked the guide. "Aye, man, at Peebles I saw a peacock w/ a wadden leg," was the unexpected reply.

An Improbable Story.

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked. "No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

Comforting.

"George, did you know that I was going to marry your sister?" "Well, I heard her say so, but she's had that idea about so many other fellows that I didn't feel sure about it till you told me."

Pleasant All Around.

Mr. Facetious (having his portrait painted)—I suppose you want me to look pleasant? Artist—Yes, and pay in advance. Mr. Facetious—What's that for? Artist—Oh, so that I can look pleasant too.

A man's department is a mirror in which each one displays his image.—Goethe.

The disgusting discharges from the nose and throat, and the foul catarrhal breath, are quickly dispensed with by using Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure. Such soothing antiseptic agents as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Wild Indigo, etc., have been incorporated into a snow white cream making a catarrhal snail unexcelled. Sold by Frank Smith.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 31st day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Oliver J. Perrin, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Canley H. Perrin, praying that a certain paper in writing and now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of Oliver J. Perrin, be admitted to probate, and that him, the executor named in said will, or some other suitable person be appointed executor thereof, and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.

It is ordered, that the 2nd day of July next, two o'clock in the afternoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at intervals of one week previous to the 15th day of September next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on the 15th day of July and on the 15th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, May 19, 1906. E. E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

HUMPHREYS'

Veterinary Specifics cure diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs and Poultry by acting directly on the sick PARTS without loss of time.

A. A. FEVERS. Concessions, Inflammations, Lung Fever, Milk Fever.
B. B. SPRAINS, Lameness, Injuries, Rheumatism.
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E. E. COUGHS, Colds, Influenza, Inflammation, Lungs, Pleuro-Pneumonia.
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J. J. BAD CONDITION, Starving Cows, Indigestion, Stomach Stagnation.

60c each: Stable Case, Ten Specifics, Book, 8c, 8c. At druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

67 BOOK MAILED FREE.

Weak Kidneys Bright's Disease and Diabetes

Use Dr. Shoop's Restorative to Cure the Cause, If You Suffer From These Symptoms.

Here are the symptoms of Kidney complaints: Urine laden with sediment, brick dust in urine, highly colored urine, gray froth or blood in it, stringy mucus in urine, unusual desire to urinate, pain in passing water, pain in the back and over the kidneys, hot, dry and itching skin, hair dry and brittle, pain in joints, legs feel heavy, sleeplessness, dullness, loss of memory, general debility, irregularity of bowels, nervousness, loss of vision, trouble with hearing, waxy deposit on the eye, shifting from one foot to the other in standing. An improper position of the body, worse than most. Most of these symptoms are caused by kidney troubles. They excite the kidneys, and the kidneys, in turn, excite the system. These are practically acting as cathartics, and act on the bowels. They excite the kidneys, and the kidneys, in turn, excite the system. These are practically acting as cathartics, and act on the bowels. They excite the kidneys, and the kidneys, in turn, excite the system. These are practically acting as cathartics, and act on the bowels.

FRANK SMITH.

JOB PRINTING!

THE YPSILANTIAN wants an opportunity to figure on your Job Printing of every description, believing that we can give you the best of satisfaction and save you some money

Business Cards, Envelopes, Note Heads, Letter Heads, Statements, Bill Heads, Wedding or Dance Invitations, Programs, Circulars, Hand Bills, Auction Bills,

and Book and Job Printing of every description, neatly and promptly executed, at reasonable prices.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

W. M. OSBAND, Proprietor,

Basement Savings Bank Block

Remember!

If you cobble your family's shoes, remember two things—

First—Don't wait till they are too badly worn.

Second—Go to HOWLAND'S

Leather store for supplies,

where you can get any quality of leather you want at a price you can afford to pay.

Jonathan Stanger

Piano Tuner

(Tuner for Normal Conservatory of Music)

Will come to Ypsilanti on call

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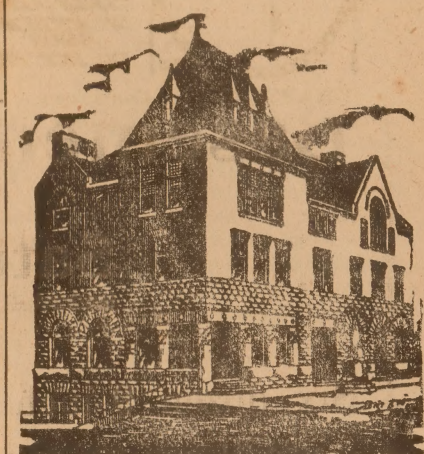
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Four per cent interest paid on savings deposits if left six months or over; three per cent if left over three months and less than six. We issue savings books for depositors wishing to make small deposits regularly, and credit interest annually at four per cent.



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Second Floor.

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WHAT TO DO WITH THE QUEEN OF MOONSHINERS PUZZLES U. S. OFFICIALS

Authorities Feel They Must Have Recourse to Strenuous
Action to Restrain Betsy Simms.

YOUNG, FEARLESS, AND IDOL OF OUTLAWS

In Prison for Dealing in Whisky That Had Paid No Revenue, She
Severely Cuts Jailers in Attempt to Escape—Three
Indictments Now Against Her.

Much as has been written of the ways and doings of the mountaineers of North Carolina, any person at all familiar with the lives of the inhabitants of that romantic region cannot but feel that the half has not been told.

Loyal to a degree that holds life worth nothing if a friend can be served, an enemy punished or a traitor put to death, the mountaineer is typical of a state of existence the world has long outgrown.

The average man of more sedate temperament and cooler blood leaves the avenging of his wrongs to courts of law and the judgment of his fellows, but in the mountains each man is a court of law unto himself, and is not satisfied with the slow methods of justice with which other communities are conversant.

It has been found a matter of monumental difficulty to impress upon these people that there is wrong in the making of "moonshine" whisky. To them the product of the corn they grow is theirs, whether it is converted into the stuff of life or the delectable liquid of the worm and still. The efforts of the "revenuers" to put a stop to the distilling of the juice of the corn necessarily, therefore, are not looked upon with favor, and conflicts with the officers of the law are frequent. Just now the federal officials have a complication to deal with which is more than usually knotty.

"Queen" New in Jail.
The best looking gal in the mountains! Betsy Sims, "Queen of the Moonshiners," is languishing in the big and lonesome jail at Columbus, the high-up little mountain town which is the county seat of Polk, one of the smallest and most isolated of the North Carolina counties. What to do with her is the problem puzzling the authorities.

Betsy, though only 22, is as daring and well versed a woman, both in the ways of making whisky and of selling

the good fortune to find her, on foot, and very near the South Carolina line, which she knows perfectly well. When she saw the three deputies coming, she knew they were not her friends, and made a bold dash for the line. As a sprinter she is a success, and her running was like that of the Grecian girls who competed in the ancient Olympic games. The deputies did not stop to admire, however, but gave chase and dashed across the state line, coming up with and taking hold of the stout and charming Betsy about a hundred yards over in South Carolina.

Betsy was nearly out of breath from the run, but had voice enough left to give a signal, which brought out of the thick bushes near by five tough-looking moonshiners, any one of whom was ready and willing to die for Betsy any time. Betsy had a good-sized revolver slung about her waist, and very poorly concealed by a checked apron, but her moonshine friends made no concealment whatever of the pistols which they had in hand, and while they fingered these, they parleyed with the detaining deputies, letting them understand that they were willing to pay cash for Betsy's appearance in "co't," and that they were "willin'" to put up \$25 in greenbacks if Betsy could be set free now and "pear at C'lumbus next term."

Deputies Made Terms.
The deputies thought it wise to temporize, and decided to take the cash, which the moonshiners gallantly put up, and Betsy retired with them, looking back archly at the officers, her charming eyes sparkling with defiance and the roses in her cheeks deepening until they were like peonies. Her face was framed in a pink sunbonnet of the type which is worn on week days by all the mountain girls.

Betsy did not let her daring and her adventures end with her capture,

found at the home of a moonshiner not far from the little town, brought back and tried, and the judge decided to make an example of the bold young creature by sending her to jail at Columbus for four months.

Astonished the Moonshiners.
The moonshiners were simply paralyzed by the sentence, for some of them thought that Betsy bore a charmed life, so to speak, and one of them, in an outburst of admiration, had said on the third day that she would "come clear," and that "no judge an' no jury can tech her, in my min'." But Betsy had not quite reached the limit of her resources. The jail at Columbus is an old-fashioned barn of a structure, three stories high and of brick, and is generally slimly tenanted. It happened that when Betsy first entered its walls a man was there on his way to the penitentiary to serve 12 months for the practice of the gentle art of manslaughter, he having in some kind of mix-up slain a fellow-moonshiner with a knife, and "gittin' off light," as the other side of the case put it. Betsy was put on the second floor of the jail, this prisoner

stairway and set fire to the trap-door, burning a hole therein, through which Chalmers descended. He and Betsy, after passing the compliments of the day, for they were acquainted, decided on the mode of action, and then Chalmers felt to work to make a hole through the side of the jail, while Betsy made a rope out of blankets and bedding, and arranged such goods and chattels as she had with her in shape for quick removal. Chalmers, with true gallantry, decided that it was best for him to go through the hole first, thus testing the latter, and, incidentally, the rope below. Out he got and flitted away.

Nearly Vanquishes Jailers.
Betsy was going, too, but as she was half-way through the hole she felt the rude hands of the jailer upon her, and was hauled back into the room. This aroused her fighting instinct to the limit, and like a lioness she sprang upon the jailer, who had a bad quarter of an hour, for not only was Betsy a good wrestler, but a star hair-puller and scratcher. Not satisfied with these accomplishments, she whipped out a knife and cut the jailer



whose name is Chalmers, being on the floor above. A rather rude flight of steps leads from the second to the third floors, through a well-locked trap-door of wood.

How She Broke Jail.
The weather was cool, and there was a fire in Betsy's room. She did not feel equal to the task of getting out of jail unaided, so she sought the companionship of Chalmers. They talked to each other, commonplace while the jailer was anywhere within hearing, but business when he was out of the way, the business being the best means of getting out. Betsy was the more resourceful of the two, and so, taking a "chunk of fire," she went up the

five times. He was compelled to knock her down and then to tie her hands and feet.

The matter was at once reported to the judge, who ordered that she be placed in the strongest cell and closely watched, and at the next term of court she will be indicted for an assault with intent to kill, not to speak of another indictment for attempt to escape. Some of her moonshiner friends have in a quiet way made threats that she will not stay in jail long, but the county authorities say they can hold her.

Betsy's exploit in the jail has given her an added importance and value among her associates.

The Vacation System and Business

By CHARLES F. PIDGIN.

retired to a comparatively slight extent. The great mass of working people do not in any large measure enjoy vacations, except such as they take with loss of pay.

In some degree, however, this question is kindred to the question whether shorter hours and better conditions for labor have had a good or a bad effect on business. The answer to this question, of course, is easy, because the figures are at hand to prove the increased productivity of the American workingman in the more favorable environment.

Still the direct question of how business has been affected by the summer vacation system admits also of a direct answer. It may be said decisively that it has not hurt business wherever it has been tried.

If it has not been tried on a very extensive scale, speaking comparatively, it yet has been tried on a sufficiently extensive scale to prove its merits. In the case of the salaried clerk distinct benefits undoubtedly have followed the introduction of the summer vacation system.

In the first place, the person who looks forward to a vacation has constantly in mind a goal at the end of which is a certain prize. Other things being equal, the position that offers him a vacation offers to him a distinct attraction. He aims to retain that position during the months preceding the vacation season, and he looks forward to the prospect with pleasurable anticipation. It is often a joy that lightens toil.

The employer himself, I think, is ready to testify that he is the better off, as well as the employee, for the rest and recreation that the employee obtains on a vacation. A tired employee may be as ineffective as a lazy one, and the wise employer appreciates this fact.

Again, there is an economic advantage in the present vacation system, because it tends to take so many thousands of people out of the city every year for a period of two weeks or more, who distribute their expenditures in travel and in country places, which are developed in many ways by the money that the summer visitors bring.

The summer visitor has been the builder, to a great extent, of prosperous towns and communities, that but for his visits would have remained undeveloped.

Travel is a good thing for the traveler, for the railroad, and for everybody whom the traveler meets or with whom he sojourns.

This is a phase of the summer vacation system that has been of distinct advantage to business.

Charles F. Pidgin.

CONCERNING DRESS

LOOK OUT WELL FOR HEALTH
—ABOUT DAINITNESS.

A Schoolgirl's Thin Waist That Invited Pneumonia—If You Would Have Soft, Beautiful Hair, Go Without Hats in the Hot Months—Change Your Out-of-Door Shoes for Others as Soon as You Are Indoors—Dainty Underclothing Characterizes the Refined Schoolgirl.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In order to be healthful, the dress we wear must be suited to the season, the weather and the business we have in hand. We are now in the midst of spring with soft airs, sudden showers, bright sunshine, and every other delightful thing that belongs to the most charming part of the year. But last December, although we had what is called an open winter, there were piercing winds and sullen skies, and much of the time the temperature was somewhere in the neighborhood of the freezing point.

A friend of mine had occasion to take a train one December afternoon from New York to Albany. Midway on the journey the train stopped and among the passengers who stepped aboard was a pretty girl with a jacket over her arm, no hat on her head, and protected from the weather only by a thin shirt-waist, with short sleeves. The shirt-waist was dainty and pretty and trimmed with lace and embroidery, but, nevertheless, on that day and in that atmosphere, the girl's dress was an invitation to grippie or pneumonia.

All last winter, any one who chose to look might see beautiful New York girls walking on Fifth avenue, in the afternoon, with furs around their necks while their feet were shod with low shoes and their short skirts left visible the most elaborate open-work stockings. This was certainly not a healthful style of dress. I trust not a single school-girl left her mother's home garbed in so stupid a fashion.

Now that warm weather is here, the problem has less difficulty and the element of protection from cold is eliminated. You are rather better off without hats than with them in summer, unless the sun is blazing and you need to be screened from its direct rays.

If you would like to have thick, soft and beautiful hair, you will run about without a hat whenever you can. Mornings and evenings a jacket may be necessary and a golf cape in the mountains or at the shore is a very comfortable addition to a girl's wardrobe. When sitting out of doors on a summer evening, it is always well to have a wrap and either a golf cape, a railway rug or one of those sensible cloaks with hoods and pockets made so neatly by our Shaker friends, will fill the need to perfection.

A school-girl's dress should be well fitting and its weight hanging from the shoulder, should never be allowed to become an impediment. An elderly lady whose girlhood was passed 50 years ago, in a southern state, tells me that she remembers when every girl's mother did her best to squeeze her daughter's waist into very small compass, and that a girl sometimes wore tied around that same slender waist eight or nine very stiff starched petticoats at the same time. It was small wonder that the girls of those days too often went into a decline and early faded out of existence. Those who survived were delicate and fainted away at any slight shock, had very precarious appetites, and would have been amazed at the rude health of the girls of our time.

Whatever you do, girls, be sure that

you have ample room to breathe. Any form of dress that contracts your powers of breathing is unhealthy and far from beautiful. For all-round wear, few fashions exceed in common sense the loose costume insisted upon in the gymnasium; with a little more length in the skirt than is permissible when one is playing basketball, running or jumping, this dress is ideal for the schoolroom. For walking, and every school-girl should take a long walk every day as a matter of course, the only healthful dress is one that easily and thoroughly clears the ground.

You girls who read this possess a great advantage over girls who lived a century ago. I suppose it is hard for you to realize that women who, were they still on the earth, would be more than a century old, were once girls like yourselves. They had pretty hard times under the regime then in vogue, for they often had to spend hours lying flat on their backs, strapped fast to a board in order that they might be perfectly straight and, when they did not recline in this tortured fashion, they were equally compelled to be uncomfortable, for they had to sit or walk with a stiff board fastened to their shoulders. In the end, most of them gained what is a great beauty for any girl—a flat back and a graceful carriage of the head—but they did not usually have such health as you are born to possess.

They wore wretched thin shoes with soles like paper, pointed toes and pointed heels. The roads in those days were muddy and the girls were afraid to go out when it rained. Their dresses were of muslin, close and clinging, with baby waists that ended under the arm-pits, and in the house and out most of them wore either turbans or caps of muslin and lace trimmed with flowers, velvet and ribbon.

Your fashions are less picturesque, but are really finer and better adapted to your tramping out of doors in rain and sun, and to your varied occupations when in the house.

A girl who would like to be splendidly well must always wear shoes that are neither too loose nor too tight. A shoe that wobbles about and does not nicely fit the foot, is as little to be desired as one that distorts it by cramping and pinching and crushing the toes together, or otherwise deforming one of the prettiest features of the body.

A chiropodist told me one day that in his opinion nearly all dealers in shoes hired lunatics for salesmen.

I said: "Isn't that an extreme statement?"

"Not at all," he said. "If you could only see the feet that I do, the young girls who have bunions and corns and hobble about in shoes never intended by Nature for their wearing, the older women whose feet were ruined before they were 16, you would understand what I mean. Of course," he added, "if everybody had sense enough to adopt hygienic shoes, with broad soles and low heels, I should have to choose another profession, for my vocation would be gone."

Never neglect to change your outdoor shoes for indoor ones when you come in, expecting to spend the evening at home. The shoes last longer and the feet feel better if this precaution is regarded.

I have not said anything about underclothing, because most girls wear what is most agreeable to the skin, and are influenced in their choice by the judgment of their mothers. Whatever you adopt, notice that it should frequently be changed and be careful to have it good of its kind. Dainty underclothing is one of the characteristics in dress of refined and fastidious girls.

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

CHILD'S AWFUL SKIN HUMOR

Screamed with Pain—Suffering Nearly Broke Parent's Heart—Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

"I wish to inform you that the Cuticura Remedies have put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot, and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctors treated him the worse it grew. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering it nearly breaks my heart. His screams could be heard down stairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial. I tell you that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold; and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

ORACULAR OBSERVATIONS.

Many a good resolution quickly runs down at the heel.

A pretty girl can teach a man most anything but good common sense.

It pays to look a mule in the face when you have anything to say to him.

About half of the things bought on credit would not be bought if cash were demanded.

Have you noticed that the bottom of a cup of joy that runs over is seldom far from the top?

It's a good deal better to think poetry than to write it, and better to write it than to print it.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHES?

Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one way to cure an aching back. Cure the cause, the kidneys.

Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills.

John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was

languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hard to Shut Up.

"Putting a parrot in a strong cage," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "doesn't shut the bird up altogether."—Yonkers Statesman.

"De reason," said Uncle Eben, "why de elephant an' de mule figures so much in politics is dat one allus wants to be on parade an' de other is allus ready to klick."—Washington Star.

A financier is a man who earns his money by the sweat of other men's brows.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Idleness is the incubator of a lot of industrious iniquity.—Chicago Tribune.

INTERESTING LETTER

WRITTEN BY AN OTTABLE WOMAN

Mrs. Sarah Kellogg of Denver, Color. Bearer of the Woman's Relief Corps. Sends Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter was written by Mrs. Kellogg, of 1628 Lincoln Ave., Denver, Col., to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.:

"For five years I was troubled with a tumor, which kept growing, causing intense agony and great mental depression. I was unable to attend to my house work, and life became a burden to me. I was forced to go to my bed, lost my appetite, my courage and all hope."

"I could not bear to think of an operation, and in my distress I tried every remedy which I thought would be of any use to me, and reading of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to sick women decided to give it a trial. I felt so discouraged that I had little hope of recovery, and when I began to feel better, after the second week, thought it only meant temporary relief; but to my great surprise I found that I kept gaining, while the tumor lessened in size."

"The Compound continued to build up my general health and the tumor seemed to be absorbed, until, in seven months, the tumor was entirely gone and I a well woman. I am so thankful for my recovery that I ask you to publish my letter in newspapers, so other women may know of the wonderful curative powers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of the female organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unequalled endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female ills.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease has been advising sick women of the value of her medicine. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.



ing it, as one could find in that wild country, even in a full day's ride, and she is as pretty as she is adroit and daring, with a killing pair of eyes, bright and well-filled cheeks and hair which defies conventionalities. Betsy has cut no little figure in Polk county since she was 16, for even at that early age she began her work as a seller of contraband whisky. She made herself such a figure, in fact, that even the older moonshiners began to look up to her and in their rude way to idolize the plucky girl, who had been bred all her life to think the selling of whisky was an act of the very best sort, and that the "revenuers" were a race of people who deserved only death and who were sent out as oppressors of the people. Such is the faith which is literally the backbone of Betsy's point of view, and that of her moonshiner companions, who make corn whisky in the shaded and well-hidden hollows in the mountains, through which run streams whose waters are always just cool enough to give the distillery worms the right touch.

Capture of Betsy.

Betsy has year by year become more and more daring, and more beautiful. A few months ago she became extremely bold in her sales of whisky, going to and from the stills, sometimes alone, and sometimes with male companions. Finally the state authorities decided it was time to stop her, so they sent three deputy sheriffs for Betsy. The deputies had

burning a hole through the trap-door.

making a bargain in moonshine.

There were three indictments against her, but she contrived, on one plea or another, and by means of a tremendous lot of swearing by moonshiner friends, to get the case continued, always putting up a cash bond for appearance. She thus invested \$200.

Then the attention of the judge was directed more particularly toward her, and he found the extent of her work and the damage she was doing in parts of two states, in her open violations of the law. She must have felt in the very air that something was wrong, for when the judge took his seat on the morning of the fourth day Betsy failed to show up. The judge issued a bench warrant for her, and she was

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1905, by Olivia B. Strohm.)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Winslow sat in a brown study for a moment. Suddenly he spoke. "Come with us. Our boat is not a fine nor a commodious one, but its best is at your service. Come."

Overcome with relief, the tears filled her eyes. "I am weak, and cannot thank you. You are kind, and kindness is a luxury we soon learn to do without. But while I thank you, I cannot accept your offer. Besides my sons, I have two guests. I cannot leave them."

"You need not leave them," Winslow urged. "I will explain your situation to my comrades, and for their consent I can vouch. We will find room for everybody—such as it is."

Mrs. Blennerhasset's sensible, earnest face relaxed in a grateful smile. She took his hand in silence.

"Then let us consider it settled," he said, cheerfully, "and prepare to start at dawn to-morrow. To champion ladies in distress will give new zest to our enterprise."

"I see, sir. Wayfarers, even traitors, though you are called, you are to be knights-errant, too."

CHAPTER III.

A thick mist hung over the island when, at sunrise next day, the boat with its little band of voyagers set out on the journey down the Ohio.

There were none to molest them, the soldiers yet asleep after the drunken carouse of the night previous. The island in its dressing gown of fog through which the rising sun blinked stupidly, was but a dark blur between the lighter gray of river and sky. They seemed a ghostly crew setting out from the land of shadows, as silently they moved with the noiseless stream. A bleak wind blew off shore, bringing frosty promises of earnest winter.

Two women, pale and somber-eyed, leaned against the railing aft, watching the island recede and fade until it seemed a mirage caught in the long shafts of growing, purple light. With every leap of the narrow craft they were being borne away to a new life.

But in Mrs. Blennerhasset's mind regret had little place. A ruined home—a present helplessness, wrong, ill-fortune to an ambition so strong, a courage so dauntless and a hope that would not see defeat. She gazed with wide, tearless eyes at the boat in the fog, which she had once called home. Then resolutely turned her gaze westward.

"Come, look ahead, dear," she said to Mrs. Creighton. "Let us go into the cabin and make merry with the rest. Think only of the future; we are beginning again."

Mrs. Creighton tried to smile in answer. "I will join you in a moment," she said.

But, left alone, the smile died from her lips, the color from her eyes. For to this woman—no longer young, to whom worldly ambition seemed a will-o'-the-wisp, "beginning again" was a task not worth while. Before her mental vision swept a swift phantasmagoria in which past, present and future were strangely mingled.

She saw the home they had lately left, that spot of all to her most sacred, the home of others. The old paths were trodden by other feet; her flowers were spoiled for other hands.

And then fancy tried to picture the home awaiting her—that new home in the far west which her husband and son had gone to prepare, that beyond the great river they might begin life again. But between these two—the dear home she had left and the one in store, there were wild forests, yet wilder men, and that great mysterious barrier, the Mississippi.

But it was not in her nature to rebel at the inevitable.

Too wise in experience for high expectations, and too philosophic for despair, she had also a fine optimism, a faith in the future. And it was easier to leave now, that the old home was no longer theirs. The claim to the grant of land in the old Dominion was declared invalid, their title contested. Gradually their savings had been swept away, until, after the havoc of legal battle, no property remained. Ruined, broken in spirit, Mr. Creighton had gone to the new country—to that far western territory—that land where, so swift had been the change of masters, there yet waved the flags of Spain, of France and of the new republic. There, if fortune awaited, he could spend a few years, at last to go back, his head high, a prosperous dweller in the old haunts. If not—then let the wilderness swallow up his failure.

His wife, and daughter, too, had left Virginia, but had intended remaining on Blennerhasset island until spring. But now their friends were involved in a deep undertaking; one, indeed, which as it unraveled, was proving perilous, perhaps disastrous.

This protection, denied them, they must, nevertheless, continue the journey; but how, and under what guidance? They had little money and no influence. So far they were safe with Mrs. Blennerhasset and her party, but soon their paths diverged, and then—

Lavender's voice recalled her. "Mother, let us go in; you are cold." The girl had been talking to the man at the pole, and turned to see her mother, the poise of whose head, the droop of whose shoulders, indicated sorrowful reflection.

Lavender, in her brilliant cloak, with a flush on her fair cheek, seemed to concentrate within her own glad self, all the radiance and glow of the morning. As the elder lingered, with wistful gaze on the swirl of water, she continued, pleadingly:

"Don't be drowsome, dearest—surely, you are hopeful of our success and happiness in the new life?"

"It is never best to be too sanguine, daughter; hope is the mother of disappointment; faith and love are the best of the trio."

Lavender's eyes grew moist and all the violet in them paled to the gray of the morning. Her mother smiled

and clasped the little mitted hand which rested on the arm of her chair. "I am glad you are hopeful, sweet child; glad that for you the future is so rich in promise. But it is in youth that the rainbow takes its glitter from the gold at the farther tip. At my age, dear, you will have learned to value the glory most because it shines through tears."

At this point they were interrupted by Mr. Winslow. "I beg your pardon, ladies, but I am sent as envoy-in-extraordinary to call you in to breakfast; they have, indeed, stood the trip wonderfully. And your servant bade me add that she has a bowl of quiddany—whatever that may be. It certainly sounds like something very remarkable."

Laughing and talking brightly, they went in to breakfast.

The meal was served in a small, dark-raftered room, cosy with a glowing fireplace. Here America presided with all the strength of her ungainly body and loyal heart. She, alone, of the servants, insisted upon accompanying the party. "Am I gwine?" and she repeated Lavender's words. "Well, honey, I jes wush I was as plim shoo ob Heaven as I am o' cavortin' 'roun' in dat ole Noxy's ark!"

The owners of the rude boat to which America thus alluded were, for the most part, gay youths from the eastern cities, who, for varied reasons, had chosen to follow the fortunes of Aaron Burr.

Those among them to whom he was personally known, had been carried away by his magnetic presence; others by party preferences; but more, like Charles Winslow, were here in obedience to a longing for change, with moderate hopes of fame and fortune.

If there were schemes afoot against their country—if there were peril to its flag in the proposed expedition—they were ignorant of it. Burr's public successes had awakened in them an admiration which no later disgrace could subvert. Hence their zeal in a cause which, originally undertaken from motives of personal gain, was, by hostile opposition, converted into a crusade for the vindication of their leader. All were enraged at what they considered unwarranted interference on the part of the authorities, and this indignation was roused under conditions which barred sober thought; at a time when party feeling ran high; when, if as seldom, men held impartial opinions, they were confined to private individuals. The truth concerning those in official power was largely obscured by the mist of calumny or the glamor of worship.

At dusk of the first day on the river, Lavender was standing on the roof which served as promenade deck. A light snow began to fall. She watched the white flakes drift reluctantly into the black water that leaped and foamed to meet them. Dark treacherous snags reared their jagged heads Cereberus-like, the foam from the keel circling in a white lather about their giant mouths.

The hills rose bare and rugged on either side, without sign of life; she might have been a lonely passenger on the river Styx, with the man at the pole a silent Charon.

Shivering, she turned to go and it was with a start of pleasure that she

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"Are we almost there—are we almost there?"

Said a dying girl as she drew near home, "Are those our poplar trees that rear their forms so high 'neath the Heaven's blue dome?"

The slow, sad words rolled in sonorous measure from floor to rafters, until a solemn hush fell upon all. At this moment America filled the threatening gap, and turned the tide of sadness which seemed setting in. Back in the shadow she rocked to and fro, and with the squeak of her chair the only accompaniment, she sang the old camp meeting hymn, in a voice loud, but tuneful:

"Wrestle, Jacob, daylight's a-breakin', Oh, wrestle, Jacob, I will not let thee go."

CHAPTER IV.

Toward the close of a raw day in January there was a stir on board—the "Cumberland" was in sight! Gray and green, the water of the two rivers blended in a muddy torrent. At the last bend in the Ohio they came in sight of the flotilla. Moored on the bank were the boats, and moving about the shore the pilgrim voyagers. There was a flutter of handkerchiefs, and a halloo of welcome as the newcomers glided to a landing-place, and the tired travelers stepped to shore.

Mrs. Blennerhasset's eyes sought but one face in the crowd. Her husband sat on a fallen tree in the background. His companion, with whom he was in earnest conversation, was a small, lithe man, below the medium height, under whose high, pointed forehead dark eyes flashed with mesmeric power. These, and the dilated nostrils, were the only signs of excitement. His voice was very low, his manner quiet, with movements restrained, except that he constantly poked one long forefinger in his listener's face. All the vehemence of a strong soul seemed condensed in that gesture.

A man approached and, bowing, said: "Col. Burr, our party from the east has come, and word has it that Mrs. Blennerhasset is with them."

Harmon Blennerhasset rose with a startled exclamation: "My wife—here? But that is not our boat!" And he rushed to the landing, where his wife with her little sons and the others were disembarking.

"Welcome, Mavourneen! And you, Mrs. Creighton? And Lavender? Will wonders never cease?"

In the midst of the hurried explanation which followed, Col. Burr approached. He greeted the ladies with a soft cordiality rather fitted to the drawing room than this river bank, where every lingering ray of sun served but to illumine the embracing waters, leaving the snow-dusted bluffs on either side in dusky gloom.

The leader invited the newly arrived voyagers to supper on his boat, and the time passed delightfully, enlivened by the seductive charm of his manner and conversation. Winslow, too, was a brilliant talker when the spirit moved, and they, with the two elder women, flashed wit and wisdom to which the others listened with an admiring attention which was a good fashion of the time.

Later, however, a current of sadness lay underneath the gaiety, and Lavender slipped out, and up to the deck alone.

The moon, low-hung and wan, like a dim torch lighted a wandering wreck of clouds. The quiet beauty of the night, and the lullaby of waves rocking the anchored boat, soothed her—dispelled her forebodings of the uncertain morrow.

"Pardon me—I seem destined to disturb your reveries."

She smiled faintly at Winslow's approach, but made no reply, and for a time they stood together in silence. He was conscious of her mood, with an instinctive delicacy commonly called feminine, but which, when it exists at all in men, is above that of women. The power of Winslow's personality lay in a happy adaptation, when he so pleased, to the moods of others.

"The moon has uncannily drawn behind that veil of cloud. Can't I take her place, and share your thoughts? I will be as silent as a confessor, if you command."

"You are very kind, but for your own sake do not open your ears to my bardic. Why, they are heavy for me, and I am a woman!" she concluded, smiling.

"In the name of my sex, I accept the inference."

He leaned against the boat's edge, watching her. Only her profile shone, clear-cut against the background of cloud-swept sky. Winslow was a lover of beauty in the abstract; its poetical value appealed to him, and it was with an interest that he studied the girl before him. An almost classical correctness of outline was given warmth and tone by a subtle charm that seemed original with her. This charm lay in the indefinable atmosphere which enveloped her—gave her a unique personality. "She seems so much alive!" was his mental comment upon the girl whose thread of life had become so closely and suddenly entangled with his own.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts said: "This has been a happy evening, but I am all the more sad now, realizing that it is our last glimpse of civilized society for many a long day. 'To-morrow—ah! what will to-morrow be?' Her voice broke, and Winslow hastened to say: "When I left the cabin Col. Burr and Mr. Blennerhasset were in consultation with your mother; no doubt matters will be arranged as you would wish. I—I am only sorry you are not going farther with us. We—we have much enjoyed your company."

"And we can never forget your kindness."

There was a short silence as their eyes met. Just then a gentleman came on deck to say that Col. Burr desired audience with Mr. Winslow. Excusing himself, Charles went below.

Descending into the cabin, which served as parlor, he was greeted by Aaron Burr with formal courtesy.

[To Be Continued.]

Took Old Man's Measure.

"You seem depressed."

"Yes; I've got to ask my girl's father to-night for her hand."

"Bosh! Don't be alarmed. The stern father exists only in the comic papers."

"Maybe so; but the borrowing father is a painful reality. He'll land me for a fifty, to a dead moral certainty."—Chicago Journal.

INJURIOUS GERMS

DANGEROUS BACTERIA ARE OFTEN FOUND IN YEAST.

Not All Destroyed by Baking of Dough and May Be the Cause of Internal Disorders.

That most of the yeast of commerce contains injurious bacteria and our methods of bread-making are calculated to encourage the development of these and of their poisonous products is asserted by Dr. E. Paller, of New York, in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette. He says:

"Several specimens of yeast sold on the market were examined and found to be contaminated, but the greatest contamination was found in the yeast of one manufacturer, which is being retailed in small packages, and which has the reputation of being the best on the market. So it may be as far as appearance is concerned, but under the microscope it is the worst as regards bacterial contamination."

From one fresh package no less than four different kinds of microbes were isolated, including one that is commonly associated with putrefaction. To resume the quotation:

"In short, what is being sold on the market as yeast contains in addition to the yeast cells numerous bacteria, the most frequent being the bacillus coli communis or one of its congeners. Of course, any pathogenic microbe may find its way into the yeast and may find there an excellent culture medium."

"Now, what is being done with the yeast? It is put into water and flour and the whole is left in a warm place and allowed to ferment. That means we encourage the bacteria to develop fully in the dough and we encourage their toxins to fully develop and saturate it."

"On examining microscopically after 12 hours the dough, which was fermented by the addition of such yeast, I found it to contain the very microbes which were present in the yeast. The flour in itself, of course, is not sterile; but the evil is aggravated by the addition of a substance laden with bacteria."

"It will not be amiss to refer here to the claim made by some that yeast is an antiseptic and, consequently, hinders the growth of bacteria."

"I shall briefly state that I have found by experiment that yeast hinders the development of some putrefactive germs in albuminous substances, but it does it to a very slight extent. Its antiseptic power on the whole is insignificant."

"The baking of the dough does not seem to destroy all the microbes, the heat probably not being strong enough or not continued long enough. As said before, I found bacteria in the pulp of fresh, warm bread just brought from the baker's. If that is the case with nonporulent microbes, the serpulent ones are surely not destroyed."

"Even if the heat should destroy all the microbes it might not destroy the toxins that they have generated, nor does it correct the chemical changes that have occurred owing to the excessive bacterial development. The boiling of sour milk does not render it fit for consumption. The cooking of decomposed eggs, fish or meat does not make them safe for ingestion."

"We have a rigid inspection of milk and other articles of diet; but our bread, the staple article, especially of the poor, has been entirely neglected. The bread looks to be such an innocent, harmless article that it has been left alone."

HARD LESSON IN SPELLING

Exercise in Dictation Submitted to London School Is Some-what Difficult.

Students in a London school were recently asked to write this from dictation: "A gluttonous sibilant with her gluttonous hand complacently seized a sieve, a phthisical ichneumon, a noticeable supercilious irascible and cynical sergeant, an embarrassed and harassed chrysalis, a shrieking sheik, a complaisant proselyte and an anomalous chrysolite. These all suddenly disappeared down her receptive esophagus. She simply said: Pugh! not saccharine!"

"She then transferred a billion of bilious mosquitoes, an unsalable bouquet of fuchsias, lilies, dahlias, hyacinths and phlox, a liquefied belfum, an indelible defamatory inflammatory synchronism and a debatable syllogism to the same capacious receptacle."

"Peaceably surrendering her dagger-reptotype to the ecstatic aeronaut, she descended with her paralytic syndrome for baroque and grievously terrified the stolid, squalid yeomanry already tormented by the heat, 101 Fahrenheit."

Great Inkslinger.

James B. Reynolds, of Boston, has been assistant secretary of the United States treasury for 15 months and in all that time has signed his name somewhere close to 100,000 times. His signature is a rather fanciful character and consequently he uses ink by the gallon. As a rule, he uses up three fountain pens in a day. During a hot spell of weather at one time 12,000 Indian warrants came in. They had to be signed. The other assistant secretaries were on their vacations and "Jimmie" signed them, the whole 21,000. He lost 21 pounds and soured his disposition.

Famous Justice.

Thomas B. Youngblood, of Booneville, the oldest justice of the peace in Indiana, will soon celebrate his eightieth birthday. The justice has made himself famous for marrying couples in queer places, and he has even married a couple having the smallpox, which required that the justice stand across the road and pronounce them man and wife. United States Senator James A. Heminway has had many cases before Justice Youngblood, and when he was prosecuting attorney of the Second judicial district he prosecuted many cases in the justice's court.

"Be Pleasant Every Morning Until Ten O'clock; the Rest of the Day Will Take Care of Itself."

This is one of the best little sermons we know. Have you ever stopped to think that the morning is the time when your temper is usually ruffled, and have you ever stopped to think that the cause of bad temper in the morning is nearly always because your stomach has not been working properly during the night? It has contained a lot of indigestible substances that form gas and makes you have dreams. It breaks up your rest and you wake up in the morning tired, instead of refreshed, as nature intended you should.

Our grand sires required no admonition to "Be pleasant every morning until ten o'clock; the rest of the day will take care of itself," for they digested their food and woke up full of life and energy ready for the day's duties, and this was because they lived on simple foods instead of high-seasoned, palatable concoctions, which contain no nourishment. Nature gave us milk, wheat and eggs, and on these foods a person can live indefinitely, but if the milk is skimmed, and if the outside of the wheat is taken off the kernel, and if the lime, the salt, and the iron, which is in the outer part of the wheat berry, if these are all removed, you have simply starch alone; the starch goes into the stomach and becomes sugar.

Do you know that a person would starve to death on plain white bread and water? Do you know that he could live indefinitely on whole wheat bread or on whole wheat food and water? These interesting facts are all set forth in a book called "Back to Nature," which tells about proper living and gives recipes for meals of the simple kind—the kind that makes you strong and well, the kind that makes you "Pleasant every morning until ten o'clock." This book is published at a great expense, but it is given free to every reader of this paper. It is an advertisement of "EGG-O-SEE," the great food—which is made from whole wheat, which is baked and pressed into a cake, you ready to serve from the package you buy at your grocers. You get more life and energy from a 10-cent package of EGG-O-SEE than you will get from a thousand dollars' worth of white bread. This is no idle claim.

This is a scientific fact. We want to tell about this situation, and question, so write us and say "Please send me a copy of your book 'Back to Nature,'" and the book will be sent you at once without charge. Address EGG-O-SEE CO., No. 10 First Street, Quincy, Ill.

Music for Neighbors.

"I've got to practice on the piano five hours a day," said the disconsolate small girl.

"What for?"

"Cause mother and father don't like our new neighbors."—Washington Star.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Suggesting Safe Course.

McFibb—That fellow Huskie called me a liar!

Newitt—Yes?

"What would you do about it?"

"Well, if I were you, I'd make it a point always to tell the truth when he's around.—Catholic Standard.

Different Kinds.

"A man in politics should have lots of friends, shouldn't he?"

"It depends," answered Senator Sorghum, "on whether they are friends who want to do something for you or who want you to do something for them."—Washington Star.

Bad Effect of Athletics.

"This man," explained the hospital doctor, "is the victim of athletics."

"Ah, overtrained, I suppose."

"No, he never trained a bit. The fellow who hit him had, though."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Only Rich in Embryo Yet.

The Bud—How did you get your start in life, senator?

The Senator—Why—er—I haven't really got started yet, you know. I am only worth \$10,000,000 as yet—Judge.

Physical Impossibility.

The House Cat—You're getting fat and apoplectic. I can see your finish.

The Fug Dog (making an effort to turn his head, but giving up)—That's more than I can do, anyhow.—Chicago Tribune.

KNOWS NOW

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day."

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone."

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color."

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum, in fact I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients. "There's a reason."

A remarkable little book, "The Road to Wellville," can be found in pkgs.

Marconi Anticipated.

An Egyptologist and an Assyriologist were disputing about the relative advancement of the two ancient peoples whom they were studying.

"Why, sir," cried the Egyptologist, "we find remains of wires in Egypt, which prove they understood electricity."

"Tshaw!" answered the Assyriologist, "we don't find any wires in Assyria, and that shows that they understood wireless telegraphy!"—Stray Stories.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known. It cures Catarrh of the bladder, and gives the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for full particulars.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Five Cents a Box for Postage.

Lloyd George, now a member of the British cabinet, was addressing a meeting in Wales, and his chairman said: "I have to introduce you to the member of Carnarvon boroughs. He has come here to reply to what the bishop of St. Asaph said the other night about Welsh disestablishment."

In my opinion, gentlemen, the bishop of St. Asaph is one of the biggest liars in creation; but he has his match in Lloyd George."

Have You Tried

The new Quick Desserts that grocers are now selling? They are "Easy to Make" and all ingredients are in the package. Three products—D-Zerta, Quick Pudding and D-Zerta Perfect Jelly Dessert at 10c per package, and D-Zerta Ice Cream Powder. A trial will convince you how easy it is to have the finest desserts with no labor and little expense.

Still Spiteful.

Her—Yes, she married him to spite another girl.

Him—But why did she divorce him?

"So he could marry the other girl, and thus spite her some more."—Chicago Daily News.

Care of Oilcloth.

Oilcloth should never be scrubbed with a stiff brush or washed with strong soap. Remove all dirt by carefully sweeping with a soft hair brush. Then wash until clean with tepid water and Ivory Soap. Rub with clear water to which has been added a teaspoonful of kerosene. Polish with a dry cloth. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

Best He Could Say.

"What do you think of these peek-a-boos shirtwaists the girls are wearing?"

"Well, they're almost clothes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



When Life's In The Balance--

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Davis & Co.

On the Corner

Price and Imagination.

Housewives are apt to judge the quality of groceries by the price paid for them. As an illustration of this a grocer tells the following story: "I had two qualities of flour--one fine and the other poor. One day I accidentally sold one for the other. My customers, who paid a high price for the poor quality, said that it had given entire satisfaction, while those who had received the fine flour for a low price complained of it, and a few returned it as unfit for use."

Affection.

Talk not of wasted affection! Affection never was wasted. If it enriches the heart of another, its waters, returning back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshing; that which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain--Longfellow.

His Ancestors.

Jones--So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee? Genealogist--One thousand pounds, for keeping quiet about them.--London Tit-Bits.

It Hurt.

"Pa whaled me with a board. Then he said it hurt him worse'n it hurt me." "And do you think it did?" "I expect so. He got a big splinter in his thumb."

Heroes in history seem to us poetic because they are there. But if we should tell the simple truth of some of our neighbors it would sound like poetry.--G. W. Curtis.

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."--Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N.Y.

The Ypsilantian.

Established January 1, 1880

W. M. OSBAND, Editor and Proprietor

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YPSILANTI, JUNE 21, 1906

Commencement Week

THE NORMAL.

The June Concert.

The annual June concert by the Ypsilanti choral society Thursday evening was thoroughly delightful and heartily appreciated by a large audience. The chorus is exceptionally well balanced this year, as there is a large men's chorus, and under Prof. Pease's splendid training the singing was brilliant, passionate, tender, melodious, gay or touching, as the words demanded. The Pease choruses always sing with a thorough mastery of technique and admirable expression. The dramatic quality of the chorus from "The Black Knight" was brilliantly rendered, the intensely modern music by Sir Edward Elgar, with its warm tone-color, its intricate harmonies and its rare beauty, skillfully bringing out the picture of the opening tournament. In strong contrast was Gade's lovely "Erl King's Daughter," with its rippling melodies, its flowing measures, quickening into passionate emotion, but ever of the charming French school. In both, the chorus lent itself to the style of the music, and its work left nothing to be desired.

The soloists in the Gade cantata also won individual triumphs. Miss Lorinda Smith's voice, high and pure, smooth and appealing, suited perfectly the role of the Erlking's daughter, while Mr. Daley's rich baritone was given fine opportunity in the part of Olaf. Miss Benedict sang with feeling the difficult role of the mother. The Yunck string quartet, Miss Ruth Putnam and Prof. F. L. York made an excellent orchestra.

The other features of the concert were also enjoyable. Prof. Pease's beautiful setting of Swain's poem, "When the heart is young" is always a favorite and was well sung by Misses Gareissen and Gilpin, Messrs. Hobart and Cook, and the chorus. Mr. William Lavin, the famous tenor, sang a group of four love songs and Pecci's beautiful "Gloria" very acceptably.

The Yunck string quartet gave two lovely numbers, the exquisite Tschalkowsky "Reverie," with its haunting song refrain, and Moskowski's dainty "Serenade." It is some years since Herr Yunck has been at Ypsilanti, but his playing is as wonderfully sweet, expressive and masterly as ever and mellowed by time. The quartet played admirably, in his support.

Prof. Pease earned hearty thanks from his audience for presenting so charming a concert at this Commencement.

The Baccalaureate Address.

The Baccalaureate service at Normal hall Sunday night was impressive and attended by an immense audience. Prof. Pease offered a fine musical program, himself playing the beautiful organ "Prelude in F" by West. The hymn "Coronation" was grandly sung, and Miss Ethelyn Walker's rich voice was beautiful in the Sullivan aria, "God shall wipe away all tears." Marshall Pease of Detroit sang the lovely aria from "St. Paul," "Be thou faithful unto death," with rare beauty of tone and expression, and the quartet, Messrs. Gareissen and Gilpin, Messrs. Pease and McCullough sang superbly the lovely "Tell me, ye winged winds." Rev. A. G. Beach offered the prayer.

President Jones this year took up a subject of peculiar interest to teachers, "How to make moral teaching effective in the schools, or better, how to make all teaching efficiently ethical in its results, since character is the most important outcome of teaching." To prepare students to take their rightful places in society, it is needful to employ some definite means of securing intelligence concerning moral facts and relationships, and more difficult, the securing of a permanent attitude or predisposition of mind towards the performance of duties growing out of these. First is needed clear definition--much of the error of common conduct is due to the lack of appreciation of the real nature of the virtues and vices. Definite, premeditated instruction in the beauty of the virtues and the hideousness which is the essential nature of vice, even when temporarily attractively garbed, is the best way to dispose the child towards right living and to guard him against being deceived by vice. These should be taught by analysis and comparison, and after illustration should come a formulation of important relationships of vice and virtue to character culture, ending in directions for the practice of morality in actual life. Proverbs, which embody the wisdom of the race; biography, story, all help the child to form higher ideals than he could get alone from his experiences. Care should be taken to prevent this work from becoming a purely intellectual process, and from leading to morbid self-examination. It is best to have all teaching more or less interpreted by incidental moral instruction, not the tactless tacking of a moral on to every exer-

cise, which produces nausea against all moral training, but the imbuing of the mind with the idea of the moral coherence of knowledge in all its departments. The concepts of ethics are as fundamental in their bearing on human welfare as those of mathematics, and should be given as much place on the program. The person of one idea cannot be called truly cultured. Moral instruction involves more than the teaching of a few fundamental moral concepts. Culture is, as Shafrir says, "the drawing forth of all good that is potentially in man, the training of all his energies and capacities to their highest pitch and the directing of them to their true ends," that is, a further development of knowledge beyond an intellectual condition into one of changed beliefs, purposes and ideals, looking to a clear realization of the worthy ends of life and a determination to attain some of them. Ideals are made up from knowledge and experience by the individual, but the teacher's work is to aid in inspiring and directing the process. It is here that the character of the teacher tells for so much, his life shaping the interpretation pupils put upon the knowledge they gain. Where the teacher wisely suggests the moral element, it colors all related facts and makes a coherent mental picture that inspires to noble work and helpful action. All teaching becomes moral teaching when the ethical relation of ideas is shown in a favorable light, and it is here that teaching offers its highest motives. The teacher is the strongest direct agency our civilization has produced for transforming spiritual potentiality into living reality, but the school needs support from the two great kindred institutions, the family and the church. Right moral teaching contains the best training of the family and contributes a large share to the fundamental beliefs of religion itself. In choosing the profession of teaching, you are privileged to enter into the holy of holies of human life and to assist efficiently in shaping the ideals of life and character of thousands of children of our beloved Commonwealth, a work of co-operation with God in forwarding the civilization of the world.

The Normal Commencement.

The Normal College yesterday held one of the best Commencements in its history. Four hundred and fifty teachers belong to the class of 1906, by far the largest ever sent out. Of these, 35 receive the degree of bachelor of pedagogy; three, C. D. Carpenter of Bronson, Miss Carrie Krell of Holland, and Frank Jensen of Pentwater, the degree of bachelor of arts; and upon five eminently successful teachers the college conferred the honorary degree of master of pedagogy--Dr. Charles E. St. John of Oberlin, Miss Mary B. Putnam of the faculty, and Supts. J. E. Clark of Albuquerque, N. Mex., Fred A. Jeffers of Atlantic Mine, and W. H. Elson of Cleveland.

The program opened with a stirring organ solo by Miss Frances Strong. The Conservatory Ladies' Quartet and the Pease Men's Quartet sang several numbers. Miss Lorinda Smith played beautifully a Chopin "Scherzo."

Rev. Charles D. Williams, Bishop of Michigan, gave a trenchant, scholarly and inspiring address, on "The Relation of Culture to Service," his text being "I sanctify myself that they also may be sanctified to the truth." Bishop Williams took up two processes of life, the one self regarding, the other other-regarding. In the ideal life these are equal. The self must be made as perfect and complete as possible, developed and trained to the best that is in it, but only that it may be of greater and better service to others. One set of people are consumed with zeal and good intentions but fail to realize that ability and training are necessary to reform the world. We have suffered as much from fool saints as from knaves. The aspiration to be nothing, a broken and emptied vessel, as the hymn says is easy of attainment but neither the Lord nor any one else has any use for broken crockery. One owes it to one's self and to the world to prepare thoroughly for one's life work. But too many educated people forget the obligation of service placed upon them by their very privileges; they hold themselves aloof from the common crowd and turn to self indulgence in the cultured life. This will soon destroy character and happiness. Knowledge without zeal, efficiency without the desire to use it for others, is as bad as the other way. Wealth and culture must be, not given as charity, but shared to be enriching to either giver or receiver. Make of yourself all you can, enjoy all you can, get what you can honestly, achieve all you can but do this only that what you gain will bless, irradiate and help the world and those about you.

The alumni dinner was made delightful by Whitmore's orchestra and the Men's and Ladies' quartets. There were no toasts.

The Conservatory Commencement.

One of the most enjoyable programs of the week was presented Tuesday morning at the Conservatory Commencement in Normal hall. Miss Grace Abbott introduced it worthily with a fine organ solo, "Minuet from Guilman's Fourth Sonata." The pleasure granted by the re-appearance of Misses Clara Brabb and Lorinda Smith, just home from Munich, was enhanced by the beauty of their number, Miss Brabb playing the "First Movement from the Mendelssohn" Concerto in G minor" superbly, Miss Smith playing beautifully the orchestral accompaniment. Miss Brabb's touch is delightful, her technique fine and she plays with authority and ease, producing a beautiful singing tone, especially in the Rubinstein "Barcarolle," and the Schuetz "Etude." Miss Smith's playing is also a delight and in the accompaniments to Mrs. Marshall Pease's lovely songs, she scored another success. Mrs. Pease was in fine voice and sang four varied songs with great charm and expression, being recalled for another after her brilliant singing of Tosti's "Spring."

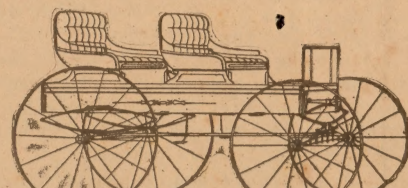
Prof. Pease gave a helpful little talk advising the class to work always for

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the highest and best in their art and not be led aside by commercialism. The class numbers 26, eight each in the music and drawing and the public school music course, three in singing, two in piano, two in teachers' piano and one post graduate pianist. It is a very talented class, the Ypsilanti members are Ethel Clarke, Eugenia Mereness, Amy Cole, Milton Cook, Lucile Brown, and LaVerne Brown.

The Alumni.

The Normal Alumni Association held a love feast under direction of President T. W. Paton Tuesday, over 100 being present. The report of Secretary Reinhold showed that in one year the annual membership of the society has reached 920, with 11 life members, four, Judge H. A. Lockwood of Monroe, R. W. Hemphill, Jr., W. B. Hatch and R. M. Reinhold, having just been added. Mr. Reinhold's great services were explained eloquently by Ronald Kelley, '03, and on motion of A. W. Dasef, '01, a vote of thanks was given him. The treasurer's report was also pleasing. Mrs. Mary Rice Fairbanks, so long a beloved teacher, was escorted to the front, presented with a bouquet by Mrs. Angie Davis Bond, '77, and made a clever speech. Judge Lockwood and Attorney George Grant of Saginaw also made fine speeches.

The following new officers were chosen: President, W. N. Lister, '89; vice-president, Mrs. Eunice Lambie Hatch, '01; secretary, Marna R. Osband, '03; member executive committee, Ronald Kelley, '03; alumni secretary, Robert Reinhold, '04. President-elect Lister made a short speech outlining some of the plans for the year.

President Jones gave a delightful reception in the charmingly decorated office rooms in the evening, the rooms being thronged for several hours by a happy crowd. Ices were served in the library.

The Normal class of '76 turned out 13 members to the reunion: Dr. C. E. St. John of Oberlin College, Dr. J. A. Mays of Lansing, Dr. Eugene Miller of Battle Creek, J. L. Spencer, lawyer, Linden; George Grant, lawyer, Saginaw; W. I. Townley of Jonesboro, Ark., and Jackson, manufacturer; Dennis Dunn, farmer of Parma; Prof. H. C. Rankin, Mrs. Ella Foster Sweet, Mrs. J. K. Campbell, Mrs. W. J. Clarke, Mrs. Nettie Hausner and Miss Mary Erwin of Ypsilanti. They held a basket picnic and declared that they are still "Prof. Pease" little boys."

The class of '81 was represented by Judge and Mrs. Harry Lockwood of Monroe, who had a great time.

Normal Class Days.

The Normal junior class day exercises were brief but excellent Monday. President Maurice C. Lathers presided. The salutatory was by Earle J. Engle, the poem by Miss Eolah Brown, the solo, "The Star and the Nightingale" by Miss Edna Miller; the oration "Education and the Common People," by William E. Olds; and the clever history by Miss Luella Munson.

The senior class held their exercises Tuesday afternoon, the red and white replacing the junior colors. President Benjamin Pittenger presided. The salutatory was given by Miss Anna L. French, the history by Guy C. Smith, the poem by Miss Mildred Corbett, the prophecy by Miss Edith Hoyle, the oration on "The True American" by Ira F. King, the solo by Milton Cook, and the valedictory by Benjamin Pittenger. The class memorial is an addition to the student loan fund.

A Fine Exhibit.

A feature of the Normal Commencement that is attracting great attention is the exhibit made by the departments of domestic science and manual training. The work done by the children from the first grade to the high school is amazing-ly clever. After the children become a little familiar with the work they make their own patterns and designs. In manual training the work ranges from simple pen-holders and plant sticks whittled out, through bread boards, cup racks, candlesticks, lamp shades and many other useful articles to quite elaborate furniture, book racks, clock cases and stools. The big doll house made by the first grade is completely furnished in kitchen, dining room, library and bedroom. The little folks not only made the furnishings but daily care for and rearrange them. A set of architect's plans for a house are also of interest, the elevation taken from one of the Wallace cottages and the plans designed by the students.

In domestic science the work begins in the fourth grade with reed work and

goes on through darning, patching, plain sewing, crocheting to designing of patterns and shirt waist suits, lingerie, baby dresses and knit shawls and slippers. Many useful articles neatly made are shown. In the cooking department an exhibit was given yesterday showing meals suitable for a growing child, a laboring man, an invalid, involving the different food principles. The room was crowded and the appetizing dainties and substances much admired.

Crawford-Wilson.

The marriage of Miss Cora Wilson, who has been a popular teacher in the public schools, to Samuel E. Crawford took place last evening at the bride's home. Rev. C. C. McIntire performed the ring ceremony, Miss May Jenkins of Saginaw acting as maid-of-honor and Roy Herald of Detroit as best man. Miss Isca Schaffer carried the ring in a pink rose. Miss Mary Dickinson played the Mendelssohn wedding march. The bride was prettily gowned in gray crepe de chine trimmed with lace, and carried pink roses. The maid-of-honor wore mode crepe de chine with embroidery. After the ceremony while refreshments were being served the bride and groom cleverly eluded their friends and escaped to the train. They will take a trip down the St. Lawrence, and will reside in Ypsilanti. Both were prominent Normal students and have many friends in this city.

Church Services.

There will be the usual Sunday evening union service this summer. Rev. Eugene Allen will preach Sunday evening, probably at St. Luke's church.

Baptist Church--Rev. A. J. Hutchins, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Junior meeting, 3; B. Y. P. U., 6. Preaching by the pastor in the morning. No evening service.

Congregational Church--Rev. A. G. Beach, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30, with Bible classes taught by Prof. Barbour and Prof. Bowen; C. E. meeting, 6. Morning sermon by the pastor.

Free Methodist Mission--Rev. J. G. Anderson, pastor.

Free Methodist Mission, 316 Huron street. Services Tuesday and Saturday evenings at 7; Sunday at 2:30 and 7. Saturday evenings on the street.

Methodist Church--Rev. Eugene Allen, pastor.

Morning service, 10:00; Sunday school, 11:30; Epworth League, 6; Dr. Hoyt's Bible class, 11:30; Intermediate League and Boys' class, 3.

Presbyterian Church--Rev. C. C. McIntire, pastor.

Morning service at 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Junior C. E., 3:30; C. E., 6. Morning sermon by the pastor.

St. John's Catholic church--Rev. Frank Kennedy, pastor.

Low mass, 7:30; high mass, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Vespers, 7:30. Morning service week days at 7:30.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church--Rev. Wm. Gardam, pastor.

Services in St. Luke's Church, Sunday next, 2d Sunday after Trinity: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Morning prayer, sermon, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:30 a. m.; evening prayer, Sermon, 5.

Christian Science services are held at the Justice Court Room, basement of the Savings Bank Building, Sunday at 10:00 a. m. standard; Wednesday, 7:00 p. m. standard; Sunday school, 11:15 standard. Subject of Lesson Sermon for June 24, "God." Golden Text, Psalm 62:7.

The Largest Newspaper.

The largest newspaper ever published in this or any other country was the Illuminated Quadruple Constellation, which was issued in New York city on July 4, 1859. It was a 28,000 edition and was sold at 50 cents per copy. The size of the page of this sheet was 70 by 100 inches, or almost forty-nine square feet. It was an eight page paper, thirteen columns to the page, or a total of 104 columns, each forty-eight inches in length. It was illustrated with good portraits of President Buchanan, Edward Everett, Henry Ward Beecher, N. P. Banks, E. H. Chapin, Horace Greeley, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Alexander von Humboldt, James G. Bennett and several others. The paper contained thirty-six different poems entire, one of them having as many as sixty-four lines. Among other articles of special note was the celebrated "Moon Hoax," published in 1835. It required the work of forty persons ten hours per day for eight weeks to "get out" this mammoth paper.

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How Not To.

"Please read our paper," annotated the editor in returning the manuscript. "I do," wrote back the contributor, "and my stuff is designed to show that I know what is the matter with your old paper."--Philadelphia Ledger.

The trouble with people who lay something by for a rainy day is that they seem to take such delight in seeing other people out in the wet.--New York Times.

Corroborative.

"This," exclaimed the orator, "is a decadent nation! As before the fall of Rome everything was rotten, so today in our erstwhile fair land everything!" Just here an egg struck him fairly. His nostrils dilated. "I desire," he continued, "before retreating to add that this egg is corroborative evidence."--Philadelphia Ledger.

A Case For Sympathy.

"I have three children, who are the very image of myself," said Jones enthusiastically. "I pity the youngest," returned Brown quietly. "Why?" asked Jones. "Because he is the one who will have to resemble you the longest," said Brown.--Tit-Bits.

Desperate.

Aunt Ruth--"Tis sad to grow old Her Niece--How much would you give to be as young as I? Aunt Ruth--I would almost submit to being as foolish.

Unexpected.

"Can your wife make as good pies as your mother did?" "Yes, indeed. Mother uses my wife's recipe."--Cleveland Free Press.

Assistant Fool Makers.

It doesn't take much of a girl to make a fool of any man. Nature did so much.--St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat A Candy Barrel Location.

Norway In Scotland.

Few people are aware of the fact that the Orkney and Shetland Islands, strictly speaking, belong to the kingdom of Norway. Toward the close of the fifteenth century King Christian of Norway pledged the Orkneys and the Shetlands, over which his rule was undisputed, to King James III. of Scotland for the payment of the dowry of his daughter Margaret, who became queen of Scotland. The pledge has not yet been redeemed.

Begging.

A man on being accosted by a beggar said:

"Why don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?" The beggar drew himself up. "Did you ever beg?" he said. "No, of course not," said the man. "Then," said the beggar, "you don't know what work is."

Easy English.

"Ah, your language! Bet ess so different." "What's the matter, count?" "First, zis novel eet say ze man was unhorsed." "Yes?" "Zen it say he was cowed."

Marked.

"His attentions to you have been marked, have they not?" said the young woman's experienced friend. "Oh, yes. He has never taken the price ticket off any of his presents."

Precisely.

Izzy Innit--Did you ever hear an oyster bay? Tommy Rott--Yes, it's sort of a Long Island sound.--New York Times.

Mean.

Molly--Have you seen Mabel's engagement ring? Dolly--Seen it? Why, I wore it all last summer.

Job Printing at The Ypsilantian